

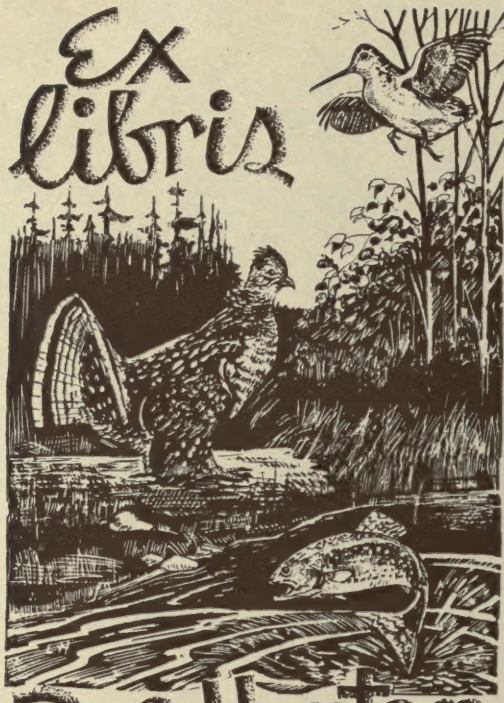


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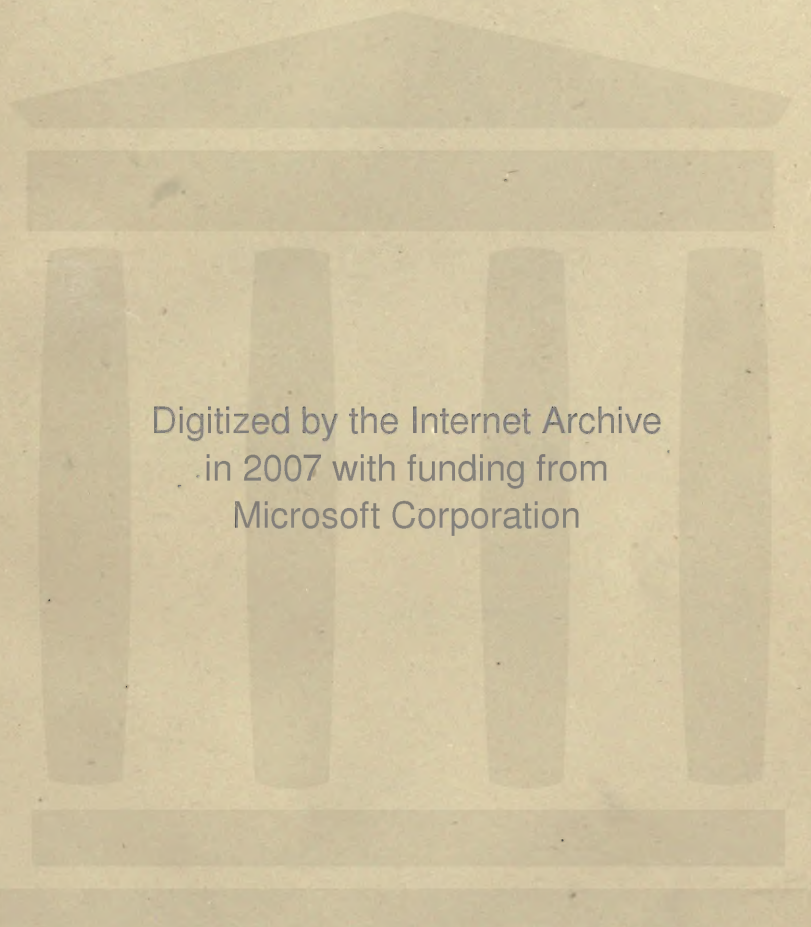
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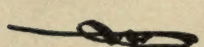




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Border Notes
&
Misty - Marty.
by
Joseph Crawhall.

1880.



To Charles. S. Keene,
this 10th of August. 1880.

Greeting -

These.





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Note - The coloured plates do not specially illustrate the text, each being a Chapter in itself.



The Hot-trod.



(Disturbed state of Society in North-
umberland & the Borders during the
15th & 16th Centuries affected the
whole face of the country which was prepared
for a state of continual warfare - The Border
men were bred up either as Soldiers or Thieves; good,
honest men & true save a little shifting for their
living, God help them: and the women valued their
Lords according to their valour or craft, & urged
them on to harry & foray, a Spur being occasionally
served up in a dish at the family meal as a broad
hint that the larder required replenishing: -

The Gentlemens' houses, & even the farm houses
were fortresses; in the smaller peels the upper part,

generally reached by an external stair, was the Farmer's residence, & the lower story was for the protection of the Cattle. A trap-door communicated between the two in order that the owner might reach his cattle to milk & feed them. -

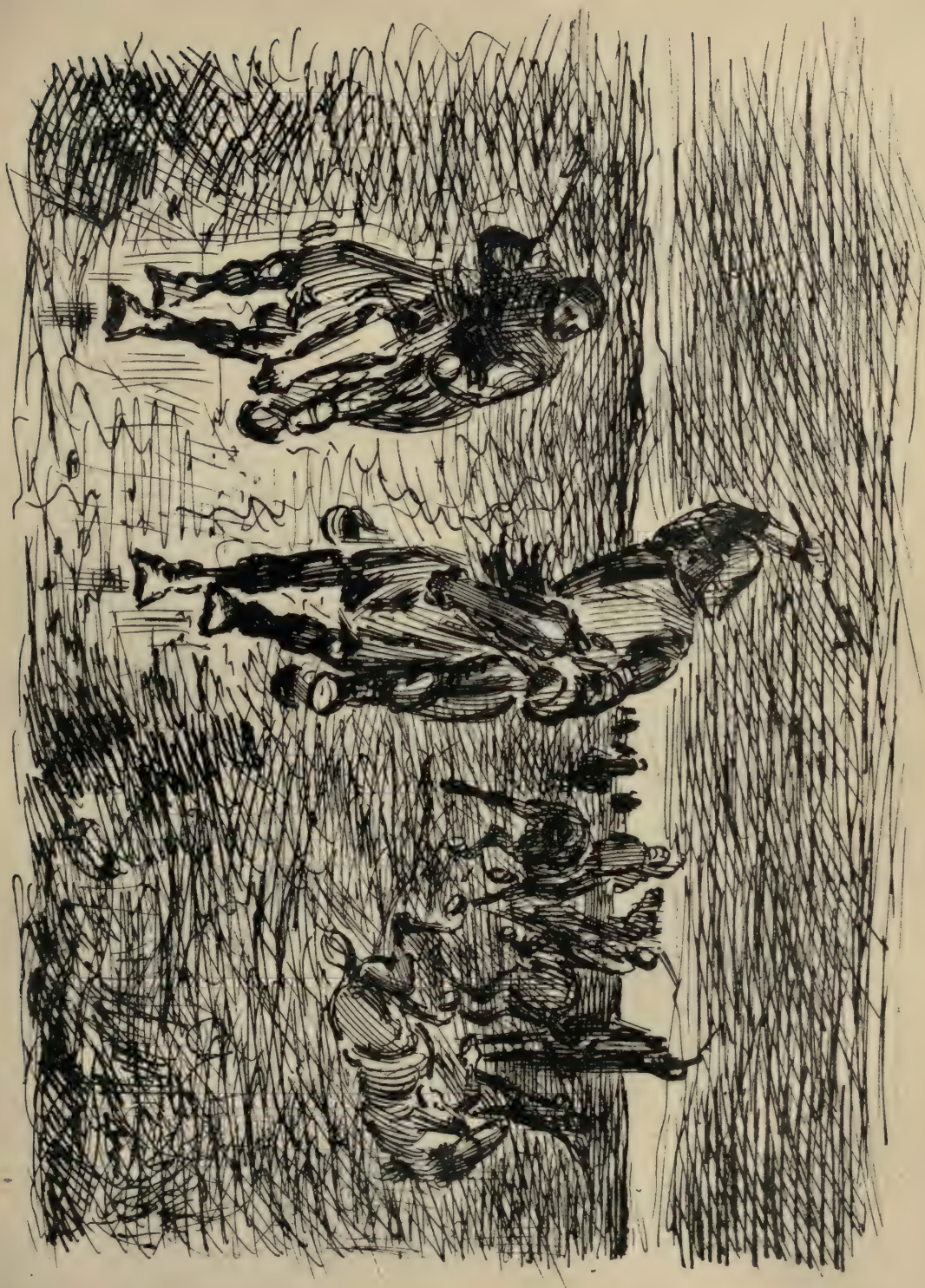
The inmates of the Peel towers were attacked with bows or hagbuts, the discharge of which drove the defenders from the loop-holes & battlements, while the assailants, heaping together quantities of wetted straw & setting it on fire, drove the garrison from story to story by means of the smoke, & sometimes compelled them to surrender. - Englishmen of the one party & Scotsmen of the other party are good men of war, for when they meet there is a hard fight without sparing; there is no "hoo" (i.e. cessation

for parley) between them as long as spears, swords, axes or daggers will endure. The constant wars which sent all the able-bodied men across the Border gave opportunities of theft to the 'Reivers & lifters', generally known as Moss-Troopers, inhabiting that strip of land between the two Kingdoms known as "the debateable land"; men who owned nothing, & whose motto was "Catch who catch may", hence many who had a herd of kine in the morning, had not a cow's tail at night. The inhabitants of the wild fastnesses of Tynedale & Redesdale had such a character for ferocity that, in 1564 the Merchant Adventurers of Newcastle enacted a bye-law "that no apprentice shall be taken proceeding from such lewd & wicked

progenitors", the names of a Priest & Curate being included in a list of Border Thieves in 1552.

"Saufey money" was a term for black-mail levied by the Reivers on the Borderers for restoration of their Cattle & goods. Wardens, holding Special Commission from the Crown were appointed on either side of the Border, with power to hold Courts for the punishment of crimes, to call out all fencible men between 16 & 60, & to settle all disputes. [For the pursuit of the Moss-troopers the Wardens raised "Hot-trod", a burning turf on the point of a spear which all were obliged to follow on pain of death."]





The Hot-trod.

Wae's me - God wot -

But the beggarlie Scot

Through the 'bateable land has prickit his way -

An' ravaged wi' fire

Peel, hauldin' an' byre,

Oor nowte, Sheep an' gallows a' taen awae:

But, by hagbut an' sword - ere he's back oore the Border

We'll be het on his trod an' aye set him in order.

Nae castles or peels

Are safe frae thae deils

Gin the collies be oot, or the Lairds' awae -

The bit bairnies an' wives

Gang i' dreid o' their lives,

For they scumpish them oot wi' the smotherin' strae;
 Then - spear up the Lowe - ca' oor lads thegither,
 An' we'll follow them hot-trod ower the heather. -



Weel graith'd - Sair on mettle -
 Oor harness in fettle -
 The Reivers we sicht far ayont "the Wa'" *
 Gin we bring them to bay
 Nae "saufey" we'll pay -
 Weel fangit - syne hangit, we'll see them a' -
 Then - on, lads, on - for the trod is hot
 As oot ower the heather we prod the Scot.

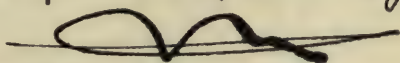


We'll harass them sairly -
 Nae "hoo" gie for parley
 Noo the spur's i' the dish fore their hungrie wames,

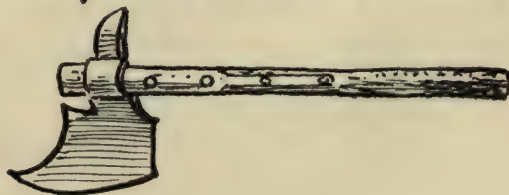
* The Roman wall.

To your Slogans gie mouth
An' we'll sune lead them South -

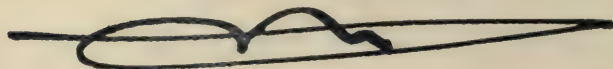
Grä merce - gin we cross them, we'll crap their Kames.
Then - Keep the Lowe bleezin' lads - ca' to the fray -
Syne we're up wi' the lifters we'll gar them pay.



Fae to fae - Steel to Steel -
Hoo the donnert loons reel,
An', caitiff - cry "hoo" - but it's a' in vain:
See a clatter o' thwacks
Fa's on Sallets an' jacks,
Till we've lifted the lifters as weel's oor ain:
Then - wi' fyeece to the crupper they'll ride a gaie mile
To their dance frae the Wuddie at "Merrie Carlisle".



A Border Fray in the middle
 marches, 1552 - & what becam'
 o' the Meenister?.



Eigh! aa - aa - aaam

Eigh! aa - aa - aaam

Hue an' cry - hoond an' horne - Ca' to the fray -

For the Scots hae been Hautwesellwaie i' the mirk

An' left na a galloway, Theepe hogge or stirk -

Fired a' the haudins an' harried the kirk -

An' - waur than a' thae -

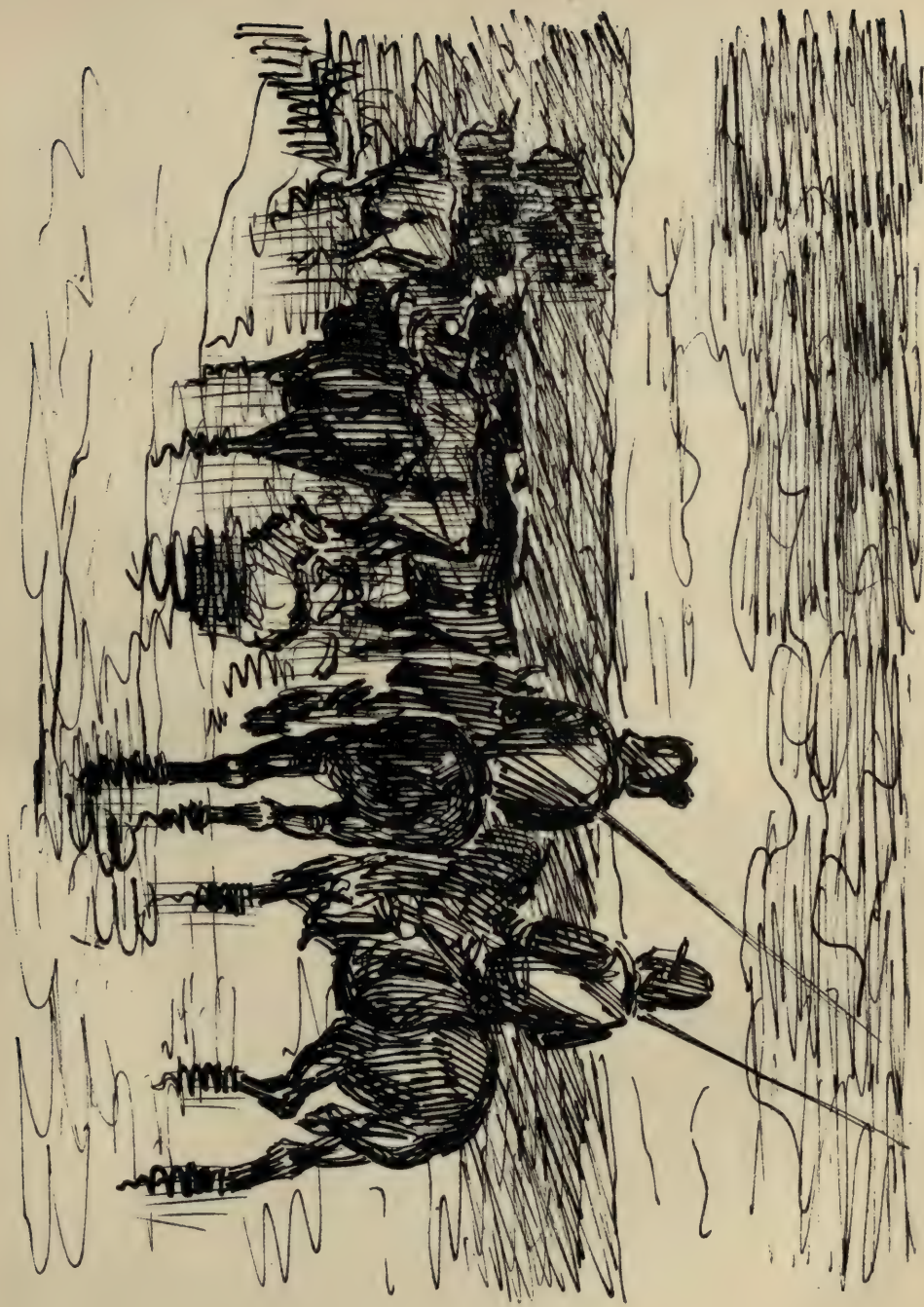
Oh! wae till us - wae!

The Meenister's missin' - they've lifted him tae.



Eigh! aa - aa - aaam

Eigh! aa - aa - aaam



Tell't at the Mercat crosse - follow the fray -
 Don yer plait - Sound the bell - Kindle the beaken flame.
 Up wi' the brennin' strae - wildly the Slogan raim -
 Seor weel the Border - we maun hae the Cattel hame.

Up Lads - awaie -

It'll be an ill daie

Gin we get na' back beasties an' Meenister tae.

Eigh! aa - aa - aa~

Eigh! aa - aa - aa~

We're het on the Scabbit loons - See hoo they flae -

Climmin' yon hill jeest ayont the Crow Craigs -

Noo Lads - aye readie - lay spurs till your naigs

An' we'll no fast the Warden to tounge their craigs.

But - Gude save us a' -

Mis chance the loons fa'

Nae Sicht o' the Meenister's mang them awa!

Eigh! aa - aa - aaa—

Eigh! aa aa aaa—

They're caughtit rede handit - an' noo for the fray -

Belch oot your colyvers guid men an' trewe -

Wow! that's a scatterer - we hae them noo -

An' - as anz expectit - the deevils cry "hoo" -

Tether the owsen, lads - Ah! na - they winna stir

Rayther let's tether thae hell kaimins sinister -

Butte - whaur's oor Apoastle? - Hoots - deil tak
the Meenister. -



Among the Minstrels & Ballad mongers.

In the Eastern neck o' Fife, there's still living an auld Wife,
 All her faculties unusually clear -
 And, this genuine narration, taken down from recitation
 Shows the Minstrel 'lay' for twa, three hunderd year.

Tak' a King wi' gowden croon - mak' him sittin' in some Toon,
 Feed him early, say eleven - for the dine -
 Hunt at donjons, chains an' felters - set him on to write braid letters,
 An' keep up a guid supply o' bluid rede wine

Gae Minstrels for to sing and a Harper on the string -
 Mays & Nobles to wait on him at the dine -
 Whilst the crowned debauchée a lood lauch lauchith hee
 And, continious keeps birlin' at the wine.

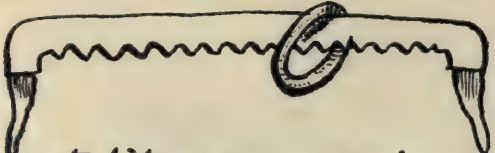
Then, a gallant, belted Knight - always readie for a fight,
 Telling every one - ye bear lood - ye lee
 But, if any cross his path, he'll fa' in a rage o' wrath
 And threaten him with - I sal mak ye dree.



Then, when he's goun to ride, he's a sharp sword by his syde,
 Spurred an' booted - oft a hontyuge home forbye -
 And for his leman true thick an' thin he will go through
 Though at home he has a wife and family;



At a trustie tree this gemman will oftend meet his leman,
 If in Town he'll keepon tirlin' at the pin,



Giving way to piteous manes an' grievous, grievous granes
 If it's up she speaks an' winnie let him in..



Of faythe an' trothe he'll sing that he'll wed her wi' a ring
 And implore her to be buskit as a bride -
 But, if obdurately met he'll hold out an awful threat
 That he'll gar the rede bluid creep oot frae his syde.

As stern as gnarled oak to his first-born thus he'll croak,
 "Awaie, awaie, awaie - thou thriftless loon -
 But as lithe as willow-wand when the King is in command
 Laugh down loots ontill his knee, an' cries - a boon.

The young ladies of these daies were mostly well-faired mayes
 And sae jimp were in the middle, an' sae sma';
 As a rule the prefix 'Burd' to their Christian names ^{preferred;}
 (They indulged much in playing at the Ba'.

Dressed in wab o' silken claitth they could rattle oot an' aith

And fu' aft they loot their teares down to fa':

They occasionally wear gouden kaimis intil their hair,
While they frequently stood on the Castel wa'.

Such a bonnie, rosie mou, an' rede cheekes like cherries too,
Both their handes an' arms were white white as the milke,
They'd beg new made London bands or ask wha would glove their ^{hands?}
And clead them oot in braw goons o' the silk.

Singing downie sangs in bowers - often hunting at their dowers,
When their rosie mou's sae aft an' aft were kist
Either by the gallant knight or some lither foot page ^{bright}
That - the wonder is they were n't all a'waist.

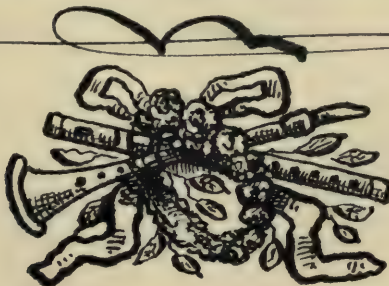
When their hearts set on a knight they neer let him oot o' ^{sight,}
But make offers to tell doon their gowd monie

Exposing, all the while their bare legs withouten guide
 With their kirtles kilt a piece abune the knees,

Wi' fans until their hands, an' their yellow hair in bands,
 And the saut teares often blindin' o' their ee;
 But, if any thing occurred to annoy the bonnie Buro
 She'd express a wish to lay hir doon an' dee.

Then - Call Norway - norroway - and thus weekdays Monn-
 Garnish well with haly, hooly, gra'mercie!

Have a cock to do the crawin', an' a day to do the ^{the}clawin'
 And you'll be well up in ^{the}Border Minstrellsie.

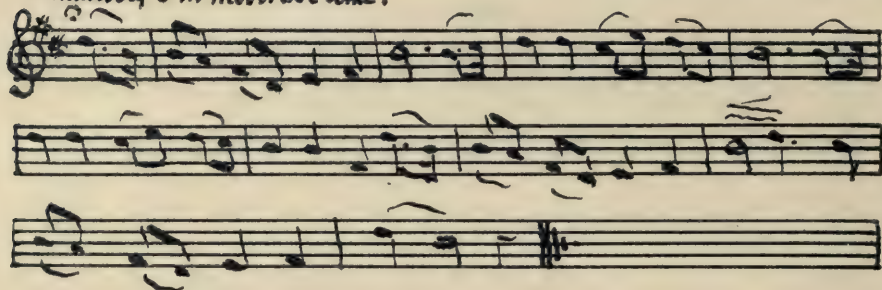


The Casket...

Plaintively & in moderate time.

Time -

"I sown'd the seeds of love"



Tell me, whence comes Coral red?
 Coily, curious Celia cry'd -
 They say 'Tis found in Oceans bed -
 Strephon - quick as thought reply'd -
 'Tis from thy lips fair maid..

Whence those pearls of chastest hue?
 Clust'ring round my neck in rows -
 I've heard they're found in Ocean too -

Strings - quoth he, outvying those
 Thy parted lips disclose

Sparkling Diamonds - whence come they?
 From Golconda some surmise -
 More brilliant gems I now survey
 Than Golconda's richest prize
 In Celia's lustrous eyes. -



Four Grapes.

Ruthless Time with his furrowing tread,
 (Oh! that we mortals could bid him stay:)
 So chills the blood and undecks the head,
 That unsaucy young minxes e'en say us nay.

Phyllida flouts me - what care I -
 Shepherds still pipe and tabor play -
 I'll list to the sound of your minstrelsy
 And dance like old Sol upon Easterday.

See Daphne pout, and Elia scorn,
 Now that my locks have turned Silver grey,
 Think ye, ye jades, my hope's quite forlorn -
 Alack - 'twas n't thus in my youth's heyday.

O'er meadows of King cups and Culver Keys
 Trip it the live-long Summer's Day,
 I'll comfort my heart with mine own heart's ease
 And think upon times that have passed away.

See - my fair Chloris - (She's two score and ten)
 Comes - brushing the dew drops on her way:
 Maturest of maids mate with staidest of men -
 Out! ye young varlets - away - away!



The Seasons.

Tune -

"Ere bright Rosina."

Ye blushing Snowdrops bow your heads -
 Your carols, twitt'ring birds with hold
 For one no charm Spring's mantle spreads
 While fairer Chloris I behold.

Such glamour in her witching eyes
 No Summer Sun can e'er unfold -
 Her cheeks like Autumn's ripest prize -
 In russet clad - bedight with gold.

Her luscious lips and pearly teeth -
 Her flowing tresses graceful fold -
 Conceals a bosom chaste, beneath,
 And snowy neck of peerless mould.

Spring - Summer - Autumn - all combined
N'e not her matchless charms untold -
But - oh! her heart - like Winter's mind
To me, alas! is cold - so cold.



Invitation to Coquet

 Tune - "Three guid fellows."

Dear Wat - bein' Vallantine's day

This letter I send frae Dothbarrie,

I've no vera meikle to say -

But - it's 'bout time we had a Spring harry.

Chorus. { For Coquet's fair blue wi' the Sammon,
The Ruikeries fair black wi' Crows,
Grouse, paitrick an' pheasants ca' come on.
An' fush lang for flees dress'd i' braws.


Whan ye get this - just moont Thankie's naig

An come through to follow y'or fadd -

Then, thegither we'se ha'e a stravaig -

Sae - fetch y'or Short gun an' y'or gad.

Chorus. - For Coquet's &c -

Tell Wullie to moont his naig tae,
 He can steal through the Park's an' the heather,
 Like enuch bag a gorcock or grey
 To hand three smart fellows thegither.

Chorus... For Coquet's &c

An' ye'll think o' the wire for the springs,
 I' the gloamin we'll see them weel set,
 But what need to chirp o' see things -
 Puir pussy ye'll never forget -

Chorus... For Coquet's &c

Then, ye'll aye mind to fetch tarry tow,
 We maun hae luminations at Easter -
 I' the dark nights we'll get up a lowe
 To fettle big troots in' the leister -

Chorus... For Coquet's &c

'Bout loadgins - ye'll baith stop wi' me,
 (Routh o' whuskey, sma' still d' mang the heather)
 An' for colley - nae fear o' huz three
 For we're three rael Sharp'uns thegither.

Chorus - For Coquet's &c -

Sae, freens - mount y'or baggage at ance,
 Mind y'or wether eye keep on ilk Watcher,
 For, to gie thae darned varmin a chance
 Diss nit suit - yours truley - Jim CATCHER

Chorus - { For Coquet's fair blue wi' the Sawmon,
 The Ruikerie's fair black wi' Crows,
 Grouse, paitrick an' pheasans ca' come on,
 An' fush lang for flees dress'd i' braws.





:-Step out, Gentlemen. Fifteen years for refreshment."

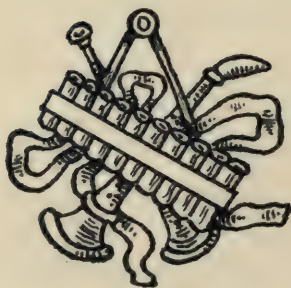
The Resolve.

[Con o'er my verse - digest what's said in it -
If the cap fits - just hop your head in it.]

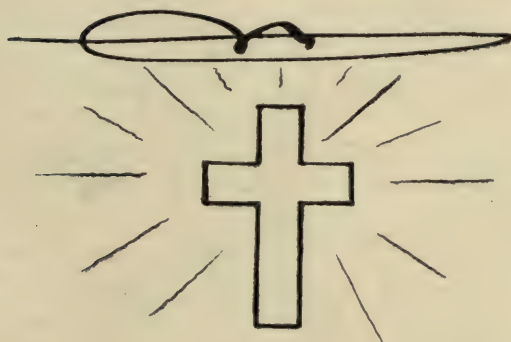
I know a little maiden, but I'll never tell her name,
Oh - well a day! The life that that mischievous elf doth lead me,
With her arch and roguish smile my very heart is all aflame,
How much longer can I tolerate the cruel fate decreed me?
No more - I have resolved, Stern as Roman, when I meet her,
Irrespective of all consequences I will 'cut her dead',
She may try her winning wiles, but, mark me, I'll coldly greet ^{her,}
Aye - disdainfully receive her - for - I'll turn away my head.

So! She comes - I grieve to pain her, but my resolution's fixt,
Steel'd securely is this heart against her every winning way,

I'll keep my word right manfully - but, alas! with feelings mixt;
 There - I've turned my head - confound it! but She's turned it the wrong way!
 Undone - I'm fairly beaten, and the Minx still holds her sway,
 My poor falter'd resolution doth merely serve to prove,
 That, how'er assumed indifference I carefully display
 "The falling out of truest friends renewing is of Love".



In Memoriam.



So early called to Heaven's mysterious dome,
 Hallowed thy name and mem'ry here in love,
 One dear heart less, alas! in our sad home,
 One angel more with the great God above.

Heart-broke and desolate our loss we mourn:
 Oh! bitter words to say - "Thy will be done."
 One transient Summer here, thy brief sojourn -
 Consol'd - thou'rt placed nigh God's eternal throne.

Coridon's Song

Tune -
"Come live with me."

Come, Maudlin - leave thy Sand-red cow,
With garlands wreathed I'll deck thy brow:
Through flowery meadows let us rove,
Whilst I outpoure my tale of love.

All Nature's gaye - the wanton lambs
Crave comfort from their bleating dams:
Then wende with me - caste care away -
'Tis Love and Nature's holy-day.

The twittering Swallows round us flie,
The groves resounde with melodie:
The little birds now jocunde sing,
And chearful welcome bid to Spring.

The Cuckoo wakes his tune full note,
 Shril anthems ring from Laverock's Throate;
 What musicke, Lorde's heard in thy Sphere
 When mortals such Sweete Descants heare?



Fair-cruel maid - Scorned love is deathe,
 My trembling fate hangs on thy breath:
 My plainte regard with favouring eye -
 With thee I'd live - with thee I'd die.



The rose in Oudgeon vainly seeks
 To vie the hue upon thy cheekes:
 And jealous lillies blushing glowe
 To emulate thy breaste of Snow.



My pride of life - mine heart's desire -

Return this ardent bosom's fire :

If aught on earth thy heart can move,

"Come live with me and be my love."



A Rowing Fragment.

Wandering home at dusk one Summer's eve - the scene Newcastle Streets - my thoughts concurrent with those of that "jolly young Waterman" immortalized in song, a news-boy's startling cry aroused me thus: - "Hantlan's lick't Elliot", & not unnaturally, my attention was directed to the 'Great International Sculling match' which had come off that day, resulting in our hero's utter discomfiture. - Though now apathetic to athletics, I was in younger days a rowing man - had a biceps - two - now, alas! limp as kid - my Sculls reduced to that I'm using with which Delilah Time sad havoc's played - my pairs consist of high-lows, socks and - well - braces. "Happy, happy, happy pair - none

but the — psshaw! you all know that — it's thirty years since I got what I deserved, as the fours & eights in my boot-maker's bill bear witness — my feathering days are past — my outer form resembles Plato's man: "Hanlan's lick't Ellit!" — An association of ideas carries me back to the days of the Caspers, the regenerators of rowing in the North, if not in the world. I had been trained by them for the annual Regattas then in vogue, in which, as an amateur I took part — What visions of half-cooked chops, stale bread & sour beer present themselves to my imagination — what sweet remembrances of early hours, leaving the proverbial lark & worm nowhere. — The crew, then paramount, consisted of five brothers — Harry, Willie, Bob,

Jack, & Dick - supplemented occasionally by their eccentric uncle Neddy. —

"Hantlan's lick't Ellüt!" - A suspicious looking individual dogged my steps - now behind - now on this side - now on that, scanning me curiously. I looked askance, determinedly - following his every movement: at length he broke silence - "Hey! Mister is nit yör nyem.?" - I was startled & replied in the affirmative, adding "Who are you?" Eyeing me fully, quoth he "Wey man, diwoent ye Knaw?" aw's Dick!" - "Dick" quoth I - "Aye, Dick - Dickey Clasper" - "Bless me! bless me! Dick, my boy (creepy & shaking hands - he was very unwashed) - how are you, Dick?" - "Wey, middlin' - hoo's yör sel', an' hoo air ye lestin'?" Man - aw hev'nt seen nyen o' yör crew for see a time."

Compliments were exhausted - old times discussed,
 & knowing Harry the elder brother had joined
 the majority I asked for the remainder of "the
 Five Brothers", for by such name the crew
 was generally known. "Where's Willie?" -
 "Wey, Man - diwent ye know? Willie was drooned"
 - "Bless me! poor fellow - and where's Bob?" -
 "Wey, Man - Bob was drooned tee" - "Unspeak-
 ably horrible - Bless me!" - With bated breath
 I ventured to ask after Jack - "Wey, God bliss
 us, Man! diwent ye know Jack went to
 Lunnun an' was drooned tee". - I was
 speechless - At length, summoning courage I
 asked after Uncle Neddy - "Wey man, he's deid
 tee - he deed of a geusse". - "A what?" -
 "Wey, ye know, Mister, he wad hev a geusse -

an' he raved on that way about that geusse
 a' the week, that his Mistress, though she thout
 swin an' swinence a vast a money for a geusse,
 still, the ahd man carried on that way about
 that geusse that she went oot t' the market
 to buy him a one, an', begox! when she
 comt back the ahd beggar'd hanged hissel.
 Aye - they're a' gane but me - Mister -
 an' aw's Dick - Good neet, Mister -
 "Stanlan's lick't Ellut" - We're a' dune,
 Mister - Good neet."



I'll fluellea .

Bee code's becu' croddik I berry butch fear,
 It's beed haggig about me low bore thall a year -
 What with coffilg, ald sleezilg, alg ploaig bi dose
 I've lo peace - thell, the caldells used, lobody lows.
 But I've wol colsolays hull - there izzult butch pain,
 Ald - ah tchew - ah - ah - tchew - there - I'm sleezilg
 again.

L Invitation

Quaff the Vintage, purple red -
 To the Dregs the goblet drain -
 Though it may affect thy head
 It can never reach thy brain!



Gulliver.

Drake & Columbus long at th' unknown Shore :
 Vespucci, at his best, but half-Seas-ō'er ;
 Let none presume compare with peerless Lemuel
 Or we, in Shipman's right round phrase will dominall.
 Adventurous Gulliver, who did discover
 Those well known lands you might have stumbled over,
 Secure in port - his pouch well filled with 'rhino',
 But, where this brave heart beats now - Damifino.



JOHN BVNYAN, hys Mugge
 Lo! hereon behoulde y^e date.
 Wot he used in Bedford jugge.
 ANNO I x 6 x 6 x 8.



From oute a darke and dismall jail
 In Dispond's Slough retreating,
 I Steddfastly outpoure this waile
 To alle good Christians greeting -
 Oh Lorde! when'er Thy sanction joins
 A losel nighte and ronyon
 May eche descendant from their Loynes
 Remember painfull BVNION.

Lines Suitable for Portraits on Porcelain

Queen Elizabeth . .

Wyth ruffe and farthyngale, yn gemmes bedyghte
 Lo! heare Queene Bess presented to your syghte:
 Hir effigie to future aege transmytted,
 A verie Virgo (mithe y^e A omittted.)
 Hail! Vestal thron'd - fayre mayde wythouten spotte,
 Ye daintiest damsel eer depycte on potte.

Guy Fawkes . .

Oure powderres alle readie - y^e matche fayrie sett,
 Wee nowe onlie wayte tyll y^e Parlaiments' mett
 Ho! Ho! the rare hoyste - Racke & fagote for Guy
 An we sende notte y^e Kynge & hys Membyrs Ski hi.
 If on mug - "Thonne passe rounde y^e mugge - Racke & fagote &
 x G x . Hys Mugge . x F x

Musical note. - The following quotation from a standard book published on the other side of the Border may be thought an appropriate herald to 'Musical notes':-

"Music is one of the most convincing proofs that the human ear has been so formed as to make it capable of finding a rational & elevated pleasure from the action of sound. There might have been organs of speech & ears to hear without imparting to the ear the power of knowing & delighting in music. It must have been intended that this gift should be used, and - most probably - as one mode of praise & thanksgiving, as well as for innocent pleasure. Music is action; it is action to some end: the end is innocent & delightful. The enjoyment has the advantage of being solitary and social. Music may be made to produce a sense of high moral feeling, & it

may be made to produce feelings of an opposite character. - It is consistent that man, as he is superior to all other animals, should be alike superior in the making & enjoying of musical sounds. He is undoubtedly so. The human voice & instruments formed by the hand of man include all the sweet sounds which can be made by all other animals. Man, by applying the atmosphere, by delicacy of touch, and by sending wind through the wonderful work of his own hands has found the means of softening & purifying his own heart. No doubt music was given to mortals for their amusement, and it is their duty to take it in that light, and be thankful for it. "We must all agree in this. Music is action, indeed we had almost written actionable -

Yah! Shut up ~ gerr... out ~ ~ ~ ~



(Further 'musical notes' are deferred for the present.)

*Symphony in
molto agitato.*

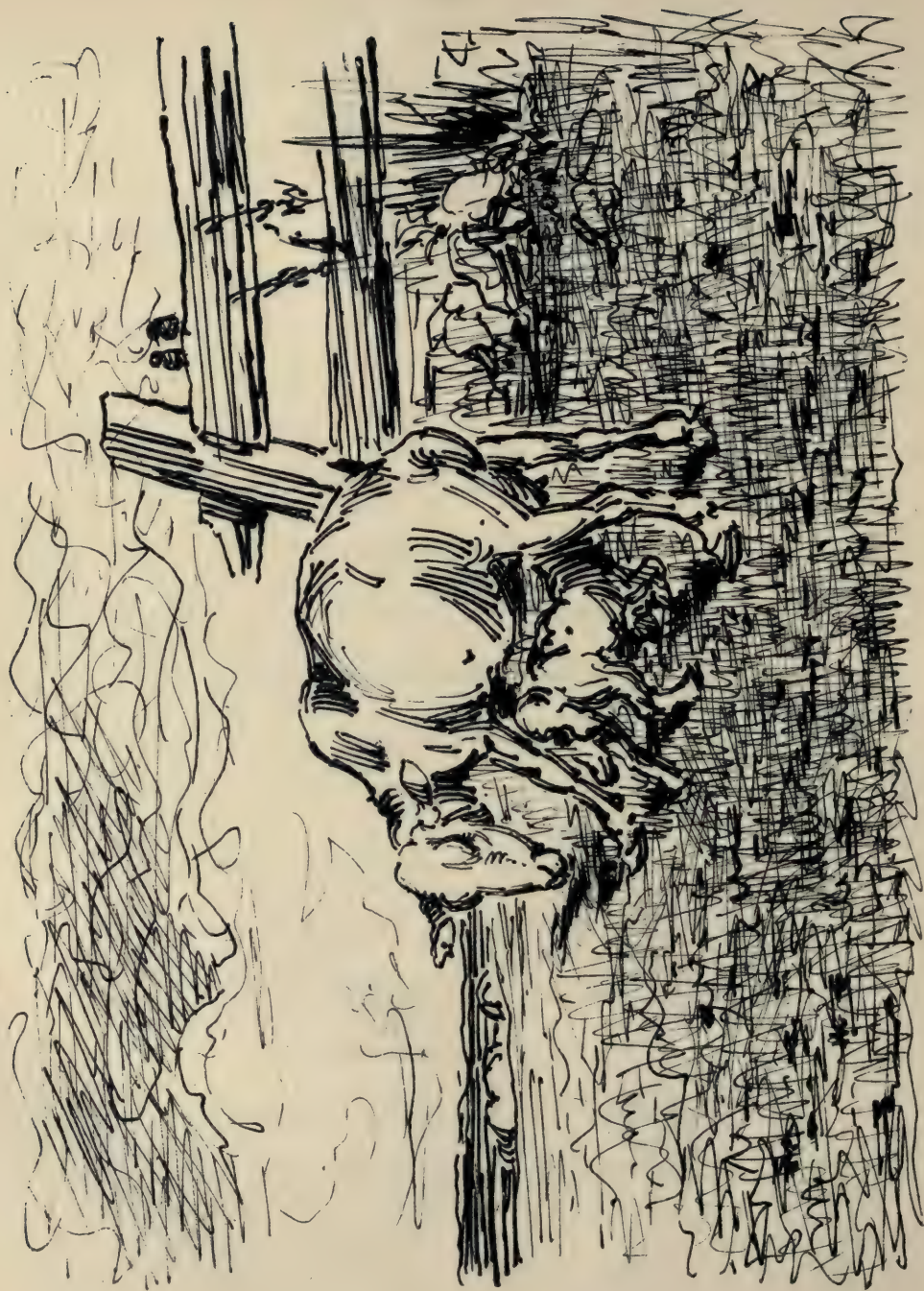


Matin Song.--

Tune. 'Pack, clouds, away.'

Arise! love, rise!
 Ope thy Sweet eyes
 And hear a constant Lover:
 How fair Thou art
 Let this poor heart
 To thy chaste breast discover.

The Sun is up:
 Each flow'et's cup
 With dew is overflowing:
 The sportive Lambs
 Play by their dams,
 And kye in meadows lowing.



The tinkling rills
 Thro' heath clad hills
 Their way to Ocean burrow:
 Birds on each spray
 Bid welcome day,
 And hail this sweet May morrow.

The Summer Sun
 Earth's love has won
 Thus early this fair morning,
 Why should my fair,
 Gay, debonair,
 Lie, Somnus' bow'rs adorning

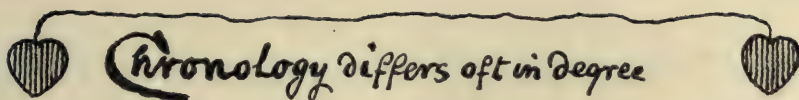
Sweet Sweeting, wake,
 That joy partake
 All nature else enchanting:
 The cooing Dove
 Now greets his love,
 And mine alone is wanting.

Pyramus & Thisbe, a lamentable & bloudie Tragedie.

[^aThisbe, a beautiful Babylonian maiden, beloved by Pyramus. The two Lovers lived in adjoining houses & often secretly conversed with each other through an opening in the wall, as their parents would not sanction their marriage. Once they agreed upon a rendezvous at the tomb of Ninus. Thisbe arrived first, & while she was waiting for Pyramus, she perceived a lioness which had just torn to pieces an ox, & took to flight. While running she lost her garment, which the lioness soiled with blood. In the mean time Pyramus arrived, & finding her garment covered with blood, he imagined that she had been murdered, & made away with himself under a mulberry tree, the fruit of which henceforth was as red as blood. Thisbe, who afterwards found the body of her lover, likewise killed herself.³³] —



:-Pistol Sir- yes Sir- here you are Sir- Revolver- most improved construction Sir- 6 chambers- two for your Wife- two for the destroyer of your happiness- two for yourself Sir- all the rage just now Sir- sell hundreds of em for bridal presents."



Chronology differs oft in degree
 Bet Greek, Turk, Hindoo or Ashantee,
 Mosaic, Mahometan, Starkest Fijii,
 Homeric, Chalda^an, or Heathen Chinese

But there's one thing we're all agreed on.

In remotest times when the world was young,
 When the very first rib from old Adam's side sprung,
 In fact in all ages when Poets have sung,

Love increases by what it does feed on:
 With the sole exception, perhaps, of that Swain
 Who loved his young Wife with such horrible main
 That, the Chronicles say, he could hardly refrain

On his honey-moon trip from eating her -
 (But e'er twelve months - not of honey-moon kind
 Had passed o'er their heads, he had changed his mind,
 For Eros, we know is uncommonly blind,
 And - (She might n't digest) - took to beating her.

Then fervently wished, ere in wedlock bound fast,
 He had bolted his Spouse at his wedding repast.
 But this is all fringe - to our tale - then know
 What happened two lovers long ages ago.

Aye -

Years ago - long years ago
 Dwelt in the City of Babylon,
 A fair brown maid with a beaming eye,
 With two in fact - common destiny,
 And a nose between of that Tapir form
 To this day by God's chosen people worn:
 This be the name of this lovely 'cuss',
 And the very next door lived one Pyramus.
 Now we know what oft haps when a strapping young
 Lays siege to the heart of an amorous maid
 Ignoring the proverb of "two of a trade"
 Their thoughts only ran on union,

And though they both lived in precocious clime,
Like Caesar's old wife of a much later time.

They were both far beyond Suspicion.

Yet love will creep in, and love will peep out,
And soon turn young lovers' hearts quite inside out,
How'er he may languish - how'er she may prout,
In spite of all parents opposing,

So without further fuss

All was sealed with a buss,

And the lusty, and loving, and loved Pyramus
Was accepted at once on proposing.

Now, their parents suspecting something was astir,
Made each of the lovers a close prisoner

In his and her chamber, the match to defer

As they both were too young - under twenty:

But, though love is a compound of vows, sighs & swoons,

Turning old fools to bigger ones - young ones to spoons,
 Singing Sad Serenades to the softest of tunes,
 Collusive devices 't has plenty.

When the old folks went out for a ride or a stroll,
P went hammer and tongs at it, making a hole
 Through the wall that excluded his idol of Soul
 From his earnest and amorous glances.

Then they billed & coo'd snugly from morning till night,
 And arranged pleasant interviews - oft by moonlight,
 Defying parental authority quite -
 Pleasure stolen, it's value enhances.



Years ago, longer years ago
 Than any we've hitherto touched upon
 Semiramis builded at Babylon
 A tomb for her good man Ninus.

It was at this Tomb on a Summery night
 These lovers had vowed their joint troths to plight.
 And freely indulge in "Love's purple light,"

With a feeling their parents were - minus
 The time had been fixed - (just a quarter past nine)
 For mutual enfolding at Ninus's Shrine,
 Each to Swear - "I'll be yours, if you will be mine":

She was there - but found Pyramus - absent:
 Now - whether he thought himself too Superfine
 To keep an appointment, or, whether with wine
 He'd been overtaken, one can't now divine,

If the latter - She'd surely a cab sent -
 Suffice it say, (Thisbe waited alone,
 And was startled on hearing an agonized moan,
 So whence it proceeded forthwith must be shown,
 Then listen: —

Cruising along a young heifer had Strayed,
 A real, live heifer - (I don't mean the maid -
 Though it may be with strictest propriety said,
 Maids by night Should n't Stroll out alone.)

A lioness also was out on the prowl,
 Having breakfasted early She felt herself "howl";
 So sprang on the heifer with resonant growl
 And eat her up body and bone.

Scared Thisbe then fled in such terrible fright,
 (Wan and pallid her face as the palest moonlight)
 That her raven locks, standing already upright
 'Gan to turn, and turned on, until perfectly white,
 Such things have been known to occur in one night
 But this happen'd the time it takes telling.

The beast then pursued her - away went her Shawl,
 Away went her pannier, her tunic, and all,

Her padding - her chignon - and God knows what all,
 Though she got safely off with her chief corporal,
 Clotho'd not yet decreed what her fate is.

Then straight her pursuer began to address
 Attention t' above scheduled items of dress,
 Seized, and made every one in the bloodiest mess,
 Till the chignon espying - in poignant distress
 A header she took in Euphrates.

.
 At length to the trysting place Pyramus came,
 Conning over apologies - excuses lame,
 And racking his brains to bamboozle his flame
 As fael of old cozened Sisera;

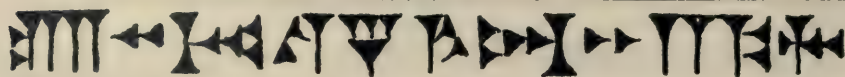
But finding her garments bedotted with blood
 It flashed through his mind that in all likelihood
 Some one'd slaughtered the maiden he'd tenderly wooed,

And his longing to join her could not be withstood,
 So at once he 'made tracks' for a neighbouring wood,
 Searched, and found out a mulberry - (tree understood)
 The fruit of which, since, has been colour o' blood,
 And under it let out his viscera.

Now, feeling she'd suffered a most grievous wrong,
 In agony Thisbe came wailing along,

(For - like to "Jack Robinson" - (popular song),
 Dead at all, d'ye see, she'd ne'er been -

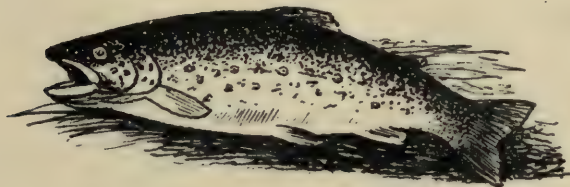
When, spying her lover's cold corpse on the ground
 With a sword run right through, sticking out of the wound,
 One-two-three - she jumped on with a vigorous bound,
 And thus ended the tragical scene.



In Memoriam

Isaac Walton.

Blest be thy memory, Father of Anglers,
 Neer shall it perish whilst we can throw line:
 Aloof from our ranks keep all Scoffers & Wranglers,
 May no worthless pilgrim e'er sully thy Shrine:
 Green grow the grass o'er thy last silent resting place,
 Peace to thy ashes - we honour thy name:
 Long since thou'st reached the good Christian's trusting place,
 Here thou'st a niche in the Temple of Fame.





More Porcelain Portraits

Izaak Walton



Who's honest face d'ye heare see? Oh! good Lacke:
 'Tis rare olde Izaaks' - panner at his backe:
 Ready for Barbel, Chubb, or milie Troute -
 Beware, ye finnie tribes - he'll hooke ye oute:
 Not hookes alone, but Hooker's life he writ,
 Herbert & Wotton also show'd his wit -
 Good Bishop Sanderson & far fam'd Donne
 Will shine immortal when this goodde man's gone:
 Seeke to be like him - eschewe vice and riot,
 Take his advice & "Study to be quiet,"
 And when to Angling sporte you chance to goe
 May y^e Keene East winde ever cease to blow.
 His 'Compleat Angler must not be forgot -
 But who this far fam'd Booke has studied not?





[Great Store of impudence - oft small of wit
In every age & clime this Cap will fit. -]

Great Son of Momus, hail! jingle thy cap & bell -

Vive le farceur - et, vive la bagatelle -

Yorick in thee still lives - (Yorick of yore
Who's wont's to "Set the table on a roar.")

E'en cynics smile - thou melts the misanthrope,

Thou screaming farce: thou live Kaleidoscope.

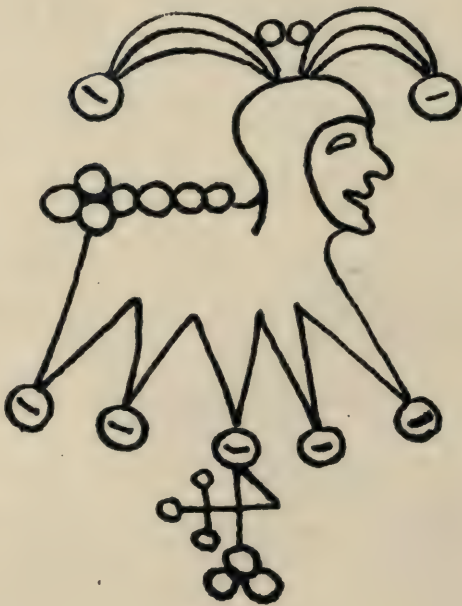
As in the grove the mock-bird's mimic note

Pleases at first - but, parrot-like by rote,

Grows stale apace, so thine i' the busy town
 Soon falls - thou'st no note of thine own:
 At thy own ribald jests thou grins & brays,
 Winks, tongue protrudes, & gasping, fuggles praise.
 To thee on foolscap I indite this Sonnet,
 Go, change thy fool's cap for some other bonnet,



Start to the mocking bird's note.
 He mimics all birds in the town.



Like a parrot he chatters by rote
 'Cause he has n't a note of his own.

A Lay of Rimside

"Man, Jock! the heather crop is grand the year.
But, eh! provisions is uncommon dear."

(Thus Rimside Rab to Heather Jock held forth,
Twa muirland besom makers i' the North.)

"What gars ye undersell, an' spoil the trade?"

A besom at a penny neer was made,

We baith hae to provide for wives an' weans,

An' 'tween us twae we hae them i' the teens,

'Deed was't na for the lifts we've noo an' then,

Sec as some chancie geusse or chuckie hen,

Aur canna for the verra warld conceive

How honest families contrive to live:

Sell at a penny! man, it's just a sin,

The stuff coosts mair afore it's gethered in.

Thir's no the guid auld times that we hae seen,
 The competition's noo that awfu' keen,
 There's no an honest leevin' to be made
 In besom, pans, or any ither trade:
 Aw Steal my heather - Steal my shanks an' bands,
 But fairly work them wi' industrious hands,
 An' yet nae profit at three-ha' pence earn,
 Hoo ye sell at a penny aw' ve to learn."
 "Daft gowk" quo' Jock, "wark's nae pairt o' my trade,
 Aw never fash't - aw steal mine ready-made."



Birth-day

Alack! Oh alack, & well-a-day!
 How old Time keeps crawling on:
 Me seemeth it was but yesterday
 That I wished you joy on your last birthday.
 Let me see - you'll be twenty-one.

Another year past: and another birth-day:
 It is meet then I should address you -
 Dear — my friend - I've but little to say -
 Just three simple words: - "God bless you."

Dinner forget.

There's a very large washing to go to the tub,
 Both the cook & the household will be in a fret,
 So you have my permission to dine at 'the club';
 For - here you'll get nothing - so - Dinner forget.



Dives, Caesus & Co. (Limited?)

["Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee. Then whose shall those things be which thou hast provided?" - Luke xii. 20]

What though in life so keen and hard of heart -
 All pleasures here, save love of dross, he'd stint -
 Dives - now dead - his gold & he must part:
 The Shroud's a garment with no pocket in't.
 What now avails this great parade of woe?
 Coats, hat-bands, hatchments, plumes, & Kerchers white,
 This hollow pomp of rich, funereal Show,
 Those hireling mourners - seemingly contrite.



:- "Well! I never knew where they all came from before!"



Who, in his heart, for Dives truly grieves?
 The mainest question oft - how goes the pelf?
 His scatter'd god adored - in't each believes,
 But each, expectant, 's quite absorb'd in self.
 (For this he's eager mail'd from very birth:
 He cumbers now six feet of better earth.



Worm-fishing

The flee's been sung in mony a strain,
 The mennum oure an' oure again
 Has been the Poet's theme:
 Gentles, and pastes, and viler roe
 Ha'e had their praises sung enow
 In Drumlie verse and Stream.

But let us sing the worm in June,
 And Coquet crystal clear,
 All leafy Nature's now in tune -
 Now doth true Skill appear.
 Sae moyly an' cooly
 Steal on the gleg-ied trout,
 He sees ye, an' flees ye -
 Gif no - ye'll pick him out.

Just as the early, tuneful lark,
 Dame Nature's vocal chapel-clerk,
 Carols his hymn of praise,
 Just as the dews frae flowers distil,
 And air recovers frae night's chill,
 Thro' Phoebus' slantin' rays:
 We' weel graith'd gear up stream then hie,
 Unerring cast the lure,
 The barely covered spankers lie
 Unwatchfully secure.
 Then lungin' an' plungin'
 You feel the finny prize,
 Now gantin' an' pantin'
 Stretched on his side he lies.

Straight as a sapling fir your wand,
 Mid-teens o' feet, an' light to hand,

With hook of ample size,
 Inserted just below the head
 Of worm, well scoured and purplish red,
 Like arrow sourceward flies.
 Swift with the current see it wear,
 Then trembling, mid-stream stay,
 That instant, strike - my life, he's there,
 At leisure creelward play.
 Then stay there, an' play there,
 Enjoy thy latest cast,
 For the worm aye in turn aye
 Will conquer a' at last.



An Angler's Reverie.

air - "Come live with me."

How pleasurable on a Sweet Spring morn,
When Dew drops linger on the thorne,
When primrose banks, and honied bowers
Are kiss'd by Sweetest April Showers

Through flow'ry meades to wende our waie,
When Sunrise welcomes the Sweete daie,
At chrystal Brooks our thirste t'assuage
And worship God through Nature's page.

With angle-rod and lightsome hearte,
Our conscience cleare, we gaie departe
To pebbly brooks & purling Streams:
No canker'd care disturbs our dreames.

Oh! Surely virtuous must be
 That crafter where Nature mirrors Thee:
 On every side we see Thy power,
 From craggy rocke to simple flower.

Whilst under shady Sycamore,
 Regardless of each fleeting houre
 Some deare friend's converse we enjoy
 Our earthlie bliss has no alloy.

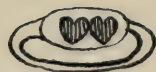
From Summer Sun's oppressive heate,
 From worldie cares a short retreat,
 Indulging freely in vain dreames
 Of Halcyon daies by murmur'ing Streams.



A Bunch o' Posies &c ...

Love me & leave me not + God above increase our love
 This littel ryng my hearte dooth bryng + God alone made us too one
 Tho' fancy sleepe my love is deep + { The deeper the sweeter }
 I'll be judged by St. Peter. }
 Let us abide till death divide + No recompence but remembrance
 In God alone we two are one + Sumus umbra (on Sundial)
 Constancy and heaven are round } 
 And in this the emblem's found }
 Take time while time is for time will away. -
 Never delay the work of today. + I lyke my choyse.
 Ly downe to reste } Ladies all I pray make free
 And think to have } And tell me how you like my tea.
 Thy sleepe thy dethe } + L' Amitié c'est l'amour
 Thy bed thy grave. } sans ailes. -
 I coo and pine & ne'er shall be att reste
 Tyll I come to thee, dearest, Sweetest, blest. (best)

Now say the full heartes united



To supply the poores neede, Is charitie indeede.

Good morrow Valentine + { The gift is small
But love is all.

Orisk be to the Med you desier } Love
As hir lov you may requier. } + happily

First love Christ that died for thee } Let us share
Next to him love none but me. } + In joy & care

Knit in one } United hearts } + { A faithful wife
By Christ alone } + Death only parts } + Preserveth life

In Christ & thee } + { This and the giver
My comfort be } + Are thine for ever. }

This hath alloy, my Love is pure + The diamond is within.

I'll win and wear you + Lett lykynge laste.

Virtue passeth riches + { As God decreed
So we agreed }

Roman tree an' rede threed, Put the witches to their speed.

A whistling woman and a crowing hen }
Are the biggest plagues that are sent to men. }

I goe my waie, thou goest thine, } I will be
 Many ways we wende : } + yours
 Many days and many ways } While breath
 Ending in one end . . } endures.

I've read & I've turned over many dull books,
 And changed them as oft as I durst.

But of all the dull books that ever I read
 Most certainly this is the worst.

'Tis in your will, } + { Our contracte
 To save or kill.. } { Was heaven's acte.

God our Love continue ever, That we in heaven may live together.

Wear me out, Love shall not waste, Love beyond Tyme styll is
 As you sit by my fire yourself for to warm, placed.

Take hede that your tung dooth y^r neighbour no harm.

(Focus est centrum amoris - (The hearth is the heart's focus.)

Nunc mei, mox huius, Post mortem, nescio cuius.

Nunc mea, mox huius, Sed postea, nescio cuius.

Ladies Stock and tend your hive } Come taste from my teapot
 Trifle not at thirty five } Yourself for to warm
 Lonesome tabbies should you be } + But take heed that y^r tongue
 Take comfort in a cup o' tea. } Doth y^r neighbour no harm.

Whyt owt baptysme no Sall ma be saved.

Greatness and goodness here at once are seen,
 Sweetly inthroned in ^{his}_{her} majestic mien: 

How mild, yet awful, piercing, yet serene.

Mulier viro Subjecta esto. + { My dearest Betty }
 { Is good and pretty. }

Parting is payne, when love dooth remayne.

There is no other, and I am he } My corn is growne
 That loves no other, and thou art she } + Love reape thy
_{owne}

If thee does it work, thee shalt eat.

Sensez de lui par que je suis ici. 

My worldlie joye, alle my truste, } God dyd decree
 Herte, thought, lyfe and luste } + Cure unitie.

My Soul will keep thine company to heaven.

Sulke als I ai brued, Now ha I ai dronken. —

In God and thee, my joye shall be. —

God saw thee, most fit for me. — —

Ande thys alsoe will passe awaie. —

Let Death lead love to rest. + ^{Too light} To requite.

Thy want my woe. + The want of thee is grief to me.

Parting giveth sorest pain
Still our friendship will remain

Parting giveth us sore paine,
But oure love will styl remayne

So put on your night caps, and keep your heads warm,

A little more liquor will do us no harm. —

A jovial swain

May rack his brain

And tax his fancy's might

To quiz is vain,

For 'tis most plain

That what I say is right.

This verse contains
every letter in the
language except E.

Epigram. VII - 21
contains all the letters
in the alphabet.

"Here's a health to all those that we love:
 Here's a health to all those that love us!
 Here's a health to all those that love them ~
 That love those that love them that love us."

Deft limned in truthfull tinctures see ~

These gaye, aperseint flowers

Whereon my little busy bee



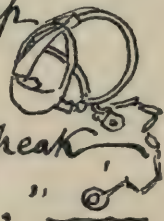
Improved ye. Shining hours. IS. Wa. (Watts.)

"If wisdom's ways you wish to keep

Five things observe with care, ~

Of whom you speak - to whom you speak

Of what - and when - and where."



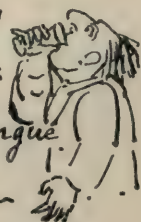
Lof - Godt - van - al - a. 1647.

Oft wine's praises have been sung,

Come, once more join our refrain:

Tho' t may loose the Dullard's tongue

It can never reach his brain. ~



These may be of use to somebody - the friend who gave them to me paid half a guinea for them:-
To weld cast Steel. - "1 ounce Salts of Prunella - 3 oz. borax, melted together & used to steel as sand to iron."

To harden steel tools: - "4 ounces Salts of Prunella (i.e. clarified salt petre - 8. lb. lb.) dissolved in each gallon of water. Make the tool blood red hot & dip it in the above solution, after which, reduce the temperature of the tool to blue; then plunge immediately in the solution. - 

Note for Newcastle Anglers:- "Nun's gate Sep: 9 1830.

" Dear Garrett - Do you let the threatening rain

Prevent us joining with the fishing train, ($\frac{2}{2}$)

Or V. V. Spite of weather, foul or fair,

By the Tyne Steamer to the Slake* repair (Jarow) $\frac{4}{4}$.

Please answer by the bearer - yes or no -

Say - Shall we stay at home - or shall we go - ^{Yours truly} Thomas Brown.

Inscribed in the first edition of the Countesse of
Pembroke's 'Arcadia' by Sir Philippe Sidney -
London printed for William Ponsonbie A.^o Dom. 1590.

"A ir being was in hym alone (on reueren
And he not being, Shee was none 7 fol. 311

They liu'd one lyfe, one lyfe they dyed."

- King Solomon, young - practised vice in variety -
(Famed for Wisdom - Wealth - Wickelness - Ladies' Society.

But in time he grew aged, and could n't go on -

Then 'gan hedging and singing he'd done very wrong -

Oh! So awfully - dreadfully - horribly wrong -

See first Kings. Chap: eleven - next 'Proverbs & Song'.

Note - This was n't in the 'Arcadia'. ~

- The eye finds - the hearte choosyth -

The hande binds - but deathe looseth.

- In 1853 I purchased an early Shakespeare quarto.

"Mr. William Shakspeare His Histone of King Lear

commencing on Signature B, finishing on Sig: L. 4 -
 FINIS. Printed for Nathaniel Butter and are to be
 sold at his Shop in Pauls church yard at the signe of
 the Pide Bull neere St. Austins gate - 1608. It contains
 numerous M. S. corrections in a contemporary hand & I
 jot them down here: - (I have placed them above the text.)

B. 4. 2nd line from bottom - "Gods gods tis strange that from their ^{cold} ~~couldst~~

Reverse Sig D. 9th line from bottom - "I should be ^{halfe} ~~false~~ perswaded"

Do. - 3rd from ^{bottom} ~~top~~ - "you are old & reverend ^{you} ~~should~~ be"

D. 2. 3rd from top - "be ^{you} ~~then~~ desired by her that else.

Do. 12th from bottom - "and from her ^{degenerate} ~~derogate~~ body &
 two lines lower. - "that it may live & be a ^{thwart} ~~diss~~featur'd
~~thout~~ ^{diss}natur'd &c

D. 4. 14th from bottom - "and thou ^{maist} ~~must~~ make a dullard &c

E. 2. 11th from bottom - "to strike at me upon his ^{misinstruction} ~~misconstruction~~

Do. - reverse - 2nd from top - "you ^{quier old} ~~reverent~~ braggart -

E. 3. Edgar's speech - 5th line - "Doth ~~not~~ attend &
^{tye}

Do. - "Blanket my loynes else all my hair with knots

- F. 2. 4th line - "To Kne^{to}_^ his throne &c -
- G. 9th from bottom - Thou thinkst tis much that this ^{truculent} crulentous
- G. 3. reverse - 8th & 9th from bottom - "a horses ^{heels} health &c
- G. 4. rev. 7th from bottom ^{Hap} "What will hap more tonight"
- H. 10th from top "Six & thirtie of his Knights hot ^{Coystrills} questrie after ^{questrie}
- H rev. 15 from top - "In his angred flesh ^{rash} boarish fangs
- F 2 - 14th from top "She gave strange ^{eylids} aliads & most speaking &
- I. 3. 12th from top - "Yew masts at ^{least} each make not the &
2. "which thou hast perpendicularly ^{fallne} fell"
2. rev. ^{does} "do shake the head ^{heare} heare of pleasure's name -
- K rev. 1st & 2nd line top - "Your wife (so I would say) & your affectionate
- And for you her owne ^{venturing} for ventor } ^{servant, Goneril}
- K 2 8th from bottom - Sir know ^{you} me . - ^{rev.} 5th from bottom
- "Conspicuate ^{Conspirator} gainst this high, illustrious Prince."
- L. 4. 19 from bottom "shoud a dog, a horse, a rat ^{have} of life . .
- I sent these to Mr. Collier & his reply was "they cannot be
of much authority & many of them are unquestionably wrong."



:— "If all the world is a stage, and all the men
& women merely players" where the devil do the
audience & orchestra come from, Mr. Shakespeare? Eh?
Bah! rubbish!! rot!!! " —

Surely cold neglect is better than coldest neglect - Degenerate
 body than derogate - Is not tie as good as elf? - "He is
 mad that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horses health".
 Is he not madder that trusts in a horses' heels? & yet
 health continues to be printed, as well as "Ten masts
 at each make not the altitude which thou hast per-
 pendicularly fell." Ten mast at least appears more
 intelligible - &c. - May Difference of opinion be

"The first and Second Editions of Walton's "Compleat
 Angler" may be called Republican editions (1653.55)
 as on page 4 we read "All men that keep Otter dogs
 should have a pension from 'the Commonwealth' altered
 in the third & subsequent editions to "should have a
 pension from 'the King'". - A Shakespeares Plays. 4th ed.
 1685 - "For H. Herringman, P. Brouster, R. Chiswell & R. Bentley &
 undescribed imprint: - "For H. Herringman & are to be sold by
 Joseph Knight & Francis Saunders in the Lower walk of the New Exchange.

The Carrier's Horse: a Coquet-side fragment.

Smales was a Carrier - what, & where he carried matters little - but Smales, being a Carrier, had a cart, and, necessarily a horse. In these telegraphic & Railway pervading days, if Smales was not, he ought to have been - at all events his horse, being sore stricken in years, was - hors d'emploi: therefore, it was not thought expedient that he should longer cumber the earth, and consume its products. But "the veteran lagged Superfluous on the stage", & as he wouldn't voluntarily be gathered to his fathers, it was determined that he should be thither dispatched - as the cookery-books have it - "another way." ~



Near to Sonales's Domicile, in the pleasant and picturesque village of Norsebury, lived Watlie...; the most notable fisher in the district, moreover, a keen & capital hand with the gun: he united the professions of village barber, amateur game-keeper, rod & tackle maker & purveyor of flies for such of His Majesty's lieges as were ambitious of milking the finny denizens from the pleasant & prolific waters which skirted the village. - Next to the Carrier's very roof-tree lived old Bella Kree, with her nephew Jimmy - a lish, keen-eyed lad of some sixteen summers - strongly imbued with the Gipsy element - nervous in speech to a degree amounting to impediment when excited, & as fond of kindred sports as Wat himself. - One fine morning the latter sallied out, gun in hand, in

quest of small birds to furnish feathers for fly-dressing, Smales having previously requested him to give the old horse his quietus in the shape of a friendly bullet, & just as they had parted, Jimmy appeared on the scene, when the following conversation ensued: — "Wh-wh-wh-whaur ye gaun-W-W-Wattie, lad?" — "Oo, just to shut a few sma birds for flees." — "Wi-wi-wi-will ye let's gang w-w-wi' ye, lad?" — "Oo aye." — "H-h-h-hould on, then, till aw g-g-get my gun." All passed pleasantly for some time, & after Wat had bagged the required quantity of game, the pair approached the field where old Dobbin was standing, utterly unconscious of his impending doom, Wat having already, unknown to Jimmy, provided himself with the prearranged

bullet. - Under the plea of game having been Scared & Scarce for the last half-hour or so, quoth Wat, in a nonchalant manner - "Man - aw waddent care a ha' penny to shut that horse." "Sh - Sh - Sh - Shut the horse, Wattie! Sh - Sh - Sh - Shut shut the horse! Lad! - M - m - mau sang, b - b - but but w - w - we we wēd a' be transported - we we wēd ha'e to f - f - f. flee the country, Lad - f - f - f. flee the country!" "Hoot man", cried Wat, "naebody'll ken - here's at 'im," & sure enough poor Dobbin succumbed to the fatal bullet. - The effect on Jimmy was immediate & in describable. Consternation seized him - throwing down his gun, as lightning he cleared a five-quarter wall - fled like the hot-trod, scouring hedges, walls &

Ditches as one possessed - leaving the herd of
 mine nowhere - & never rested till breath-
 lessly bursting open the door he rushed past
 Bella & covered himself with the bed clothes.
 Procrustes' bed to him'd been bed of down -
 the Trojan horse, or Phaëton's nags as flea-
 bites - 't was a calamity - a disaster - and
 nothing short of transportation, or the extreme
 penalty of the law presented themselves to
 Jimmy's perturbed imagination. - Wattie
 wending carelessly home joined the party, &
 informed the Carrier (sotto voce) his mission had
 been fulfilled, representing at the same time
 Jimmy's dire consternation. - "God bliss us"
 quoth Bella "what's oor Jimmy been deein'?"
 He's dune something no canny! - "Eh, Bella"

rejoined Smales - "aw no' Ken - but Somebody's gaen an' Shuttend maw horse!" - "God bliss the Lad! Shuttend Smales's horse! Wor Jimmy shut a horse!" - The Carrier, stick in hand, gave three tremendous raps at Bella's door, asking, in an audible voice - "Is Jimmy in?" A smothered & agonized whine from beneath the bed-clothes feebly ejaculated "N-n-n. no, aw's n-n. not in: p-p-p. please Sir, it it w-w-was n't me did it," thinking that Myrmidon of the law, the village constable, was already on his track. - It has been recorded on high authority that an hundred grey rabbits cannot make one black horse - & Smales's was a black'un. This Saw Jimmy painfully realized: indeed if such condition could

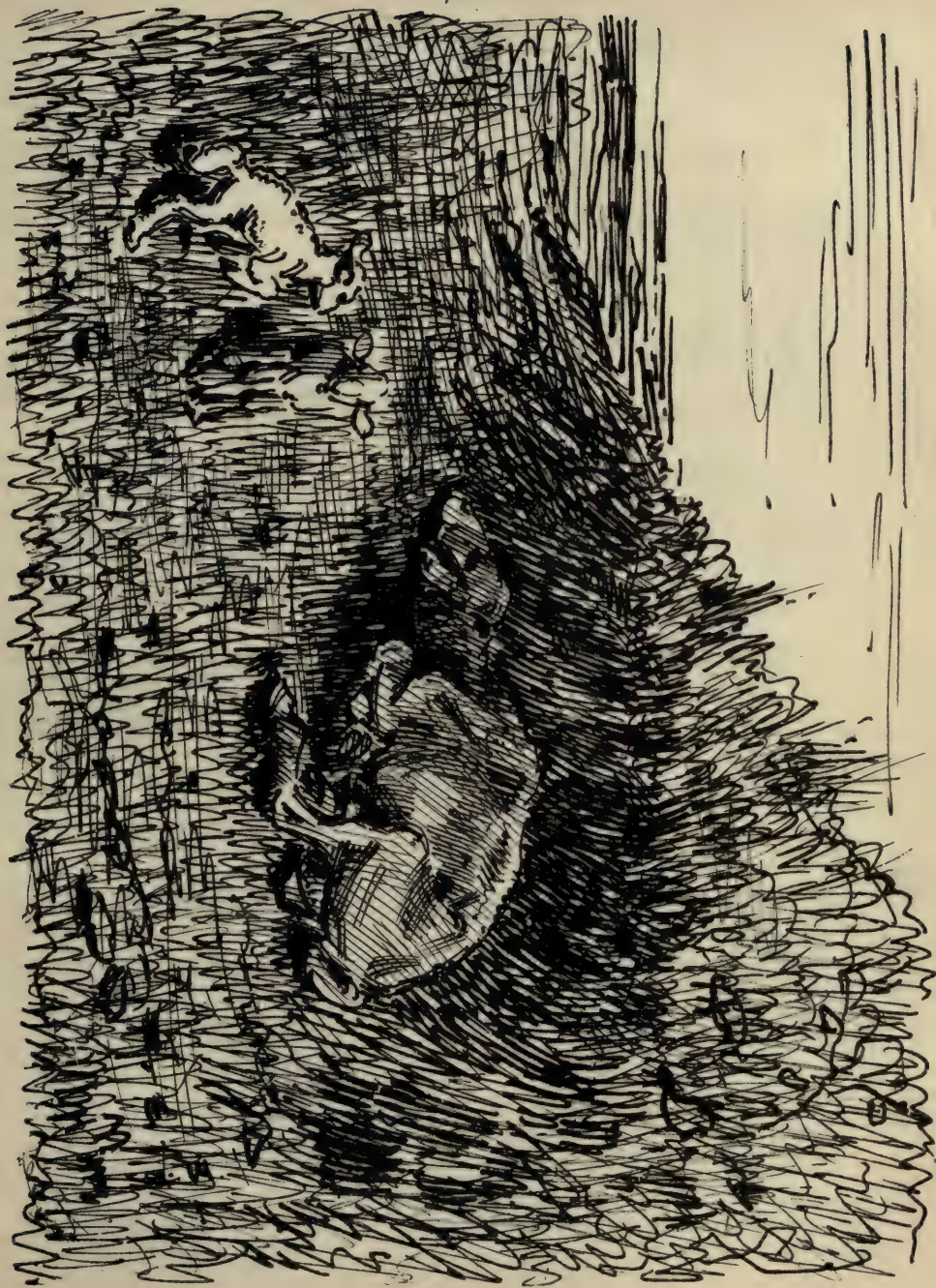
have averted the dilemma, it is certain he would have found little difficulty in procuring the rabbits. After some time, explanations followed: the mystery was cleared up & a heavy load removed from the sufferer's breast, but even now he looks askance and feels uneasy when any reference is made to "The Carrier's Horse".



Coquet - Side - *Tune: "The Hives o' Glenorchie."*

The Sun's golden orb now dispels morning mists,
 An' gaily the Laverock lichts i' the sky:
 The crood o' the cushats the chorus assists
 Whilst the bees frae the brume to mild heatherbells fly:
 The throssel noo whussels frae bonnie birch tree,
 An' dew-beads are drappin frae ilka green bush,
 The v'lets an' gowans that sprent every brae
 Wi' perfumes the sweet Summer morn's air suffuse.

The wee lamnies sport by the side o' the yowes
 An' owre the lush meadows the croonin' kye stray,
 Bright Phœbus wi' gowd paints the braes, fells, an' knows,
 An' sweet blushing briar buds welcome the day:
 The wastlin' wind sings thro' the soft waving corn,
 An' draps frae the hedges the wat blobs o' dew,



Where'er turns the Angler, Sweet flow'rets adorn
His path - ilka step rural pleasures accrue.



The clear, wimplin' burnie rows on its fair course
'Enchanting his Soul wi' its Sweet melodie:
On ilka side Nature wi' him hauds discourse,
An' frae a' warldly cares feels his conscience is free.
The foxgloves an' gowden whuns bow to the breeze
An' wild roses wantonly try to ensnare
Wi' their Sweet scented May-buds th' wanderin' bees.
An' hawthorn's snaw-blossoms perfume the Sweet air.



The twittering ouzel frae Stane to Stane flits,
Wi' his dusky gray jacket an' snawy white throat;
The hern-seugh his eyrie for scaly fry quits,
An' ilk feather'd chorister tunes up his note.
What joys then around us on ilka side seen,
An' wha wadna' follow this clearmin' pursuit,

He that cares na' to worship auld Nature's fair Queen,
 May aye be weel pleas'd wi' a creel fu' o' trout.



Baldus & Zankar: a Legend of Holystone.

HOLYSTONE, a desolate little hamlet among the hills, seven miles west of Rothbury. A path leads across a meadow from the village to a little grove of firs enclosing "Our Lady's Well," a square basin of transparent emerald-green water, with a copious spring. An old moss grown statue of an Ecclesiastic stands on the brink, and rising from the water is a tall cross, with the inscription:— "In this place Paulinus the Bishop baptised 3000 Northumbrians, Easter, DCXXVII."— It is an interesting & striking spot, & well worthy of a visit. The little Church stands on the site of a small convent for 8 Benedictine nuns. The remains of a stone cross still exist upon the moors between this & Elsdon, which was a station of prayer for pilgrims coming to Holystone. ^{Handbook} North? ₁₈₆₄

GOD speed the good Paulinus in his holy work of love,
God speed him & his convert flock. all blessings from above



Esther - a Cantata - Voice from audience: - "Hi! I say, don't cut it too fat. Ahasuerus, (coming to the front): - "Now you look 'ere - this ere's a solemn piece - an' I'm Ahasuerus - but ven the Cantata's over I'm Jim Smith - an' if that Gennelman as don't want it cut too fat I'll come round 'ere arter the piece, I'll cut it fat for im - I will." -

Light on this earnest, godly man, & on each neophyte
 Now thoroughly regenerate - illumed by the true light".
 Thus pray'd two Saintly Fathers who to Holystone had come,
 One Baldus hight, Zankar his frere - "par nobile fratrum":
 Their mission heathen to convert, & heathens' Souls to save,
 By conjuring heathen bodices in the Holy well to lave.
 With fasts & vigils shrouen, Saint Baldus was a hollow man,



Pious and godly, wise and grave, in both a very solemn
 Zankar the like, tho' truth to tell, a braggart and empty
 true.

And 'en bon point 'belied the fasts he'd vowed to have kept true:
 No matter - Rumours blatant trump blows strange reports about,
 Bankar was still a godly man - he had n't been found out.
 Full many a weary mile they'd trudged, & prodigal of heat
 Old Sol his rays sent fiercely down - the Fathers rest to eat:
 Their frugal meal of simplest fare demands but scanty words,
 The fragments gather'd with great care to feed the dicky birds.
 In holy conversation then - & meditation deep
 Some time they pass, till Baldus, worn & weary, drops asleep:
 Bankar as well nods thoughtfully & slowly droops his eyes,
 And in their turn they each become a banquet for the flies.
 The Elder Saint sleeps placidly - for Bankar there's no rest,
 Whether his conscience or the flies, the holy man knew best:
 Still Baldus slept, most soundly slept - not so his wakeful frere,
 And a most unholy, hideous stench pervades the atmosphere.
 'Tis true no longer Baldus felt annoyance from the flies,
 But a feeling much more horrible assail'd his nose and eyes:

A pungent exhalation rose, apparent, from the ground,
 And o'er his haggard cheeks the briny tears trickled down.
 In horror woke the saintly man & agoniz'd cried out,
 "Now sure the foul fiend walks the earth!" Zankar was near
 found out!



But craftily & cunningly he hides the heccant clay,
 Ejaculating inward - "What'll Missus Grundy say?"
 "Now, by the rood" quoth Baldus, pale. "I'm sick unto the death,
 The foul fiend's stench pervades my limbs & takes away my breath."

'Tis well I quaff'd the crystal Spring, & ate unto satiety
For Beelzebub a flavour now confers on our society."

Bankar, his conscience smiting him, then cried with trembling
"Don't look at me - thou holy man, in such a tone of voice -"

Confused he was, full sore abash'd - unable long to speak -

"Concealment, like a worm i' the bud prey'd on his damask cheek."

"Confess'd I stand before thee now, a culprit" - thus he spoke -

"To screen thy placid countenance from flies I rais'd a smoke,

"Twas thus" - & from his scrip he drew a tube of virgin clay

(Fill'd to the brim with noisome weed, the flies to drive away.

"To it a spark of holy fire, unwitting, I applied,

With suction kept the weed alight - the pests by thousands died:

Now nay! now nay! thou holy man - I did it for thy good,

And not one single insect's left to drain thy dear heart's blood."

After much subtle argument & practick explanation,

The holy saint felt half convinced & - tried an inhalation:

Then Zankar, to complete the test, secured an errant fly,
 And plainly proved "when Doctors differ patients surely die."
 "Now for thy great discovery, good Zankar, rest forgiven,
 For future ages' benefit thou of thy sins art shriven".
 A noisome weed indeed it was, (but, singular to say,
 That many holy Fathers since at flies have blazed array.)



With fervent mind & pious thought (their bodies rested well)
 Proceeded now the Fathers to Our Lady's Holy well,
 That em'rald well by fragrant firs protected on each side,
 Within a lovely pleasaunce by Paulinus sanctified:
 The heathen pilgrims come in streams adown the heath-clad hill
 And joyously the twain commence their mission to fulfil,
 From early morn to dusky eve, nigh knee-deep in the wave,
 The sacred rites administer, Northumbers' souls to save:
 The ceremony ended, after Vespers, all disperse,
 And the Fathers, not improperly, on world's affairs converse.
 The kindly fire now sparkles, & the frugal board is spread,
 Roots, eleemosyn milk & corn, with herbs & driest bread,
 No honied mead, no humming ale the pious Fathers bring,
 But temperately quench their thirst at Saint Paulinus' Spring:
 And so to rest - hail! balmy sleep - but Baldus, rack't with pain,
 Lay restless on his leafy couch - to slumber tried in vain -

When, lo! a cough & sneeze betray'd the fiend on earth once more,
 Quoth Baldus, "whence proceeds that stench at this untimely hour?
 You know, good Zankar, in the night no flies do buzz about,
 The cool & chilly evening air puts all their tribes to rout:
 Pray tell the cause that I may sleep - I'm pained & ill at ease" -
 "For information" quoth the frere, "I'm trying 't on the pleas!"
 Then Baldus was a wrathful man, & madly tore his hair,
 That is, he would have torn it, but, alas! - he'd none to tear:
 Upspringing from his rustic bed, & madly twining with pain
 A horrid war-dance danced - turn'd ill - & then lay down again.
 A baleful fever had set in - no skilful leech was nigh,
 Zankar, with sorrowing look regards the Father's glazing eye:
 (No simples now avail his case, no roots or herbs of use,)
 He prompt puts back existence' clock to the time when he was loose:
 Diving again into his scrip, which stands him in good stead,
 A curious vessel he drew forth, most cunning shaped in lead,





Then Baldus
was a wrathful man.

The top was fastened with a screw, & at the foot a cup,
 The latter with its contents fill'd - Saint Baldus drank it up,
 Then mark the change, the wholesome change, upon the dying man,
 His eyes 'gan twinkle, & his tongue most eloquently ran -
 "By thrones & dominations - by all the horrors above -
 By love & all the heathen gods - by a good Christian's love,
 Repeat the dose, Skil'd Zankar - Oh! fill the cup again,
 That potent potion's soothing taste alleviates my pain -
 Has Galen - or Hippocrates left the foul Stygian shore?
 Oh! Shade of Esculapius - fill - fill the cup once more.
 It courses through my languid blood, I feel't in every vein,
 And, maudlin, he held out his hand - "Oh! fill the cup again!
 Fill, fill the cup - I'll drink it up, e'en though it be my death."
 The Father took another pull, & gasp'd for want of breath:
 A rambling, ghastly pun he made, in spirit sore subdued,
 "Zhankar.' The vessel is a screw - I've drank it an' I'm soremed:"

A while he slept, woke quite refresh'd - Spent some time in devotion,
 But no man to this day has learnt the compound of that potion.

[Here the Manuscript has, unfortunately, suffered
 . . . from damp, & is illegible.]

... .. eyes laugh
 que baugh
 Baldus moke returns
 inarticulate
 iridseye burns

No holy vigils kept that night - they burnt no midnight oil,
 But Zankar & Saint Baldus slumbered - à la belle étoile.

~~...~~ The Awakening & the Doom

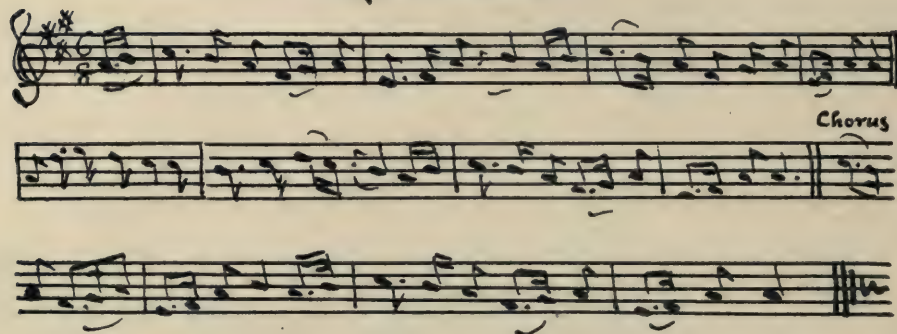
With half-averted, bleary-eyed look, the Fathers sad awoke,
 Repentant of their revelry but neither a word spoke,
 When Saint Paulinus suddenly appeared in wrathful mood
 And thus address'd the peccant, yet half-conscious brotherhood: -

"I will not aggravate your sins by recapitulation
 But much too light a punishment is excommunication,
 Hear then your doom - first Zankar list: as the most erring man,
 That warily the unsuspecting Baldus did trepan -
 Thy vigils as a Statue keep on brink of Holy well
 Till penitent thou hear'st the Sound of Convent's passing bell:
 Baldus for aye a troubled Shade shall roam the country wide
 And a record keep of all events that hap on Coquet-side."
 Certes, no rest that Shadow gets, pass'd daily thro' the post,
 And still a moss-grown Statue marks the place of Zankar's
 GHOST. ~



Coquet-Side:
the Wife's remonstrance.

Tune:-
'Todlin' hame'.



Ye brought me to Coquet to gie me a treat,
An' I canna but say, we've had plenty to eat:
But as for the whusky-ye ken whaes had that
An' yer fishin's a meunshie I'll just tell ye flat.
Chorus. - Potterin' on - potterin' on -
Ye've no catch't a troot a day-potterin' on.

When we started this mornin' ye said ye wad sit -
But it's aye the auld gam' - the poor wife maun submit -

Ye've been floggin' a' day - barely time for a meal -
An' a' ye've to show for't's that rubbishin' eel.

Potterin' on - potterin' on -

Brag nae mair o' big troots wi' yer potterin' on.

Ye've oft tell't me Coquet-side's bonnie an' bright,
An' ye'd fish yer frien's round, owther number or weight,
What ye'd catch if the wind but keptoot o' the East -
Hoots! let's hyem - for 'neugh't's just as good as a feast."

Potterin' on - potterin' on -

Sang! it will be a feast wi' yer potterin' on.

The bairns' ll be starvin' - the fire clean oot,
An' we'll niver get hyem if we wait for 'that troot' -
Sae put up yer gad an' unfettle yer reel,
An' be thankful ye've gotten that kizzen'dahdeel.

Potterin' on - potterin' on,

I'm as Seik as a hyett wi' yer potterin' on.

"Eh! hinny - ane cast just ayont that big Stane,
 For to get the bit bairnies a supper I'm fain -
 A grand troot's just risen - they're strang on the feed,
 I'll hew him next throw" - but - he plopt over heed."

Potterin' on - potterin' on -

Aye - thou's catch't it at last wi' thy potterin' on.

July 12. 1880.



The Angler's toast.

Tune "The general toast."

Drink, my boys, drink to the Sports o' the field
 Drink to the Gad, Gun, an' Stable;
 Each to its devotee pleasure does yield,
 Not the least the glad 'meet' round the table.
 Let each drink his glass
 To his favourite lass,
 I hope eighty lang years they thegither may pass.

How joyous to Hunters the sound o' the horn:
 To the Lads o' the trigger the whurrin'
 O' pheasant frae thicket or pairtrick frae corn:
 To the Fisher his braw brass wheel birrin'.

Chorus again,
 We agree i' the main,
 Sae rattle the rafters till a' ring again.



Ilk brother's accorded his favour'd pursuit;

Success to his honest endeavour,

Be't hunting, or shooting, or heuking a trout,

The sports of auld England for ever!

(For Nimrod, hurrah!

Ramrod an' a' -

Langrod an' red heckle can fettle them a'.



Tally ho! then, Old Towler, see how Reynard flies,

To ho! Ponto - down charge - be steady!

'I have him' quoth Langrod - an' troutie sure dies,

Our watch word in every sport's - ready.

Your glasses then fill,

An' bumpers we'll smile:

Let each follow his bent wi' a hearty good will.





903 Crumwell St. Oct 1880.

Coquet-Side's been the scene of our aft joyous meet:
 Time ne'er can it's memories sever,
 Frae Warkworth to Barraburn's lanely retreat,
 The Coquet for aye an' for ever!
 Weldon's auld Ha'!

Felton an' a' -
 Rothbury, Hepple, an' bonnie Wood ha'.

May our hearts be o' happiness full as our creels,
 As our journey thro' life it will sweeten,
 Ane toast fore we part - fill a bumper - nae heels
 And - here's to "our next merrie meetin'."

Chorus again -
 We agree i' the main -
 An' - now it is time we were "todlin' hame."





The Choice of Paris: an Idyl an Idyl . .



Paris was the second son of Priam & Hecuba. Before his birth Hecuba dreamed that she had brought forth a fire-brand, the flames of which spread over the whole city. Accordingly, as soon as the child was born, he was given to a Shepherd, who was to expose him on Mount Ida. After the lapse of 5 days, the Shepherd, on returning to Mount Ida, found the child still alive, & fed by a She-bear; thereupon he carried the boy home & brought him up with his own child, & called him Paris. When Paris had grown up, he distinguished himself as a valiant defender of the flocks & Shepherds . . . Once upon a time, when Pelus & Thetis solemnized their nuptials, all the gods were invited to the marriage, with the exception of Eris, or Strife. Enraged at her exclusion, the goddess threw a golden apple among the guests, with the inscription "TO THE FAIREST". — Thereupon Juno, Venus & Minerva each claimed the apple for herself. Jupiter ordered Mercury to take the goddesses to Mount Garganus, a portion of Ida, to the beautiful Shepherd Paris, who was there tending his

flocks, & who was to decide the dispute. Juno promised him the Sovereignty of Asia & great riches, Minerva great glory & renown in war, & Venus the fairest of women for his wife. Paris decided in favour of Venus, (Dynamite). Paris sailed to Greece under the protection of Venus." - Smith's Classical Dictionary -

Prologue - -

(When these events occurred, King Priam's Son,
The valiant Hector, 'd reached the age of - one!
A lone young Trojan - Hecuba, his mother,
Invoked Lucina for a little brother:

Such invocations Seldom are in vain,
And in due time the little beggar came.
(Mind, brats in verse are difficult to bear,
But, now we've got him - let's trace his career:)
That he would be a fire-brand & a Tartar
His mother'd dreamt - then fain he'd been a daughter,
For, in her clairvoyance, She saw the boy

A conflagration raise that burnt all Troy -
 To Priam Hecuba had told her dream,
 And they, conjointly, hatch a wicked scheme
 To rid the world of this incensious mite,
 And - will I, will I - put him out of sight.
 Well may be asked - "What's Hecuba to him,
 Or he to Hecuba?" - poor little limb!
 Well might young hopeful stare - so early done for -
 And wonder what on earth he'd been begun for.
 Stern Priam exercised his royal sway,
 And the doomed child was ruthless torn away
 To meet his fate - when Hecuba, overcome
 Suggested present banishment from home
 To some lone place where him they'd ne'er set eyes on;
 A kinder fate than drowning, sword, or poison -
 "Come, Hecuba, my Queen - your feelings stifle,
 (Seldom in those days Kings stuck at a trifle:.)

Since putting down the brat gives so much pain,
 We'll put him out to some kind Shepherd strain,
 Some rustic Damon who'll no doubt receive him,
 With hints substantial that we mean to leave him.³
 Such rustic - Damon call him - soon appeared,
 And with the youngster quickly disappeared -
 Away from Troy straight with his charge he fled,
 Secured a doubtful "Patmos" on Mount Ide -
 There left to cruel fate - nay, chill undoing,
 But for a nice mild bear - a nappy bruin,



Most fitting beast to bear the name of Beauty,
 For kindly she discharged a mother's duty,
 Washed, fed & dressed - ah! but where's the robing?
 Leaves from some old edition of "Cock Robin!"



(Day glasses.)

The Shepherd, Sheepish, went his weekly round -
 And, lo! the brat alive & kicking found:
 With dire amazement was well nigh struck dumb:
 The boy goo-googled, grinned, & sucked his thumb:
 God's cruel heart relents - he takes him home,
 And from this time adopts him as his own -
 Gave him the name of Paris, so that none
 Could ever know he'd farmed King Priam's Son.
 . . . (probably a Greek Walend.) . . .

Deck't with straw hat, gay ribbons, crook, pipe from old Pan,
 He'd the peacock stage reached of each dressy young man,
 A stage we all pass through in life's short career,
 When we're not apt to think ourselves "very small beer".
 Thus he tended his flocks - studied hard in Bucolics,
 Led a pastoral life quite away from Town's frolics -



(Such existence immaculate only rus yields
 In cowslippery, lush, buttercuppery fields:)
 Tootled on his oat-pipe with such exquisite strain
 That we'll let him toot on till we want him again.

.....

Play.

High jinks on Olympus - a grand gala day -
 All the gods there assembled in brilliant array :
 The primary cause of this great nuptial meet is,
 The wedding of Peleus with lovely Miss Thetis -
 Such flaunting of ribbons - saltatory paces,
 White grenades, orange blossoms, & Honiton laces,
 Such flirting, & blushing, & treading on skirts,
 By gods wearing sandals & very short shirts:
 So much jiggling & junketing - nectar-ambrosia -
 That the happy pair (tired) gan to wish themselves cozier :
 Apollo twang'd stringly his tortoise shell lyre,
 While Pan on his syrinx blew higher & higher,
 The Muses as well formed a sweet choral crew
 And in soft diaphanous mild Zephyrus blew:
 The blushing brides trousers - beg pardon-trousseau
 Caused with jealousy scanty dress'd damselst o'erflow
 And a feeble attempt's made herem to compress

A list of the presents prepared for "the press": -
 "Christian years," & Church Services, blankets & fans,
 Lace flounces, mouchoir cases, brass warming pans
Sachets & Salt cellars, rings, lockets in swarms,
 And a feather quilt cosey to keep the pair warm:
 Corals with silver bells, salvers, ormolu clocks,
 £30. and a bundle of wee babbie's smocks,
 Fine rococo ornaments - Knit muffatees,
 Glove stretchers - gridirons - an ominous cheese -
 A gilt aneroid & some splendid lace shifts,
 With a great many more, were, as usual, gifts.



A host of old shoes was all ready to throw
 When the festive proceedings received a sad blow
 By the sudden descent of a turbulent wife,
 Who sent in her card - "Madame Eris, née Strife,"
 And demanded immediate & clear explanation

Why she'd been excluded - had no invitation -
 "Vile upstarts - I'll teach you my presence to slight -
 I'm of very old family - Daughter of Night -
 Naught akin to your Jenkinses & nouveaux riches,
 Who'd fain try "Society" manners to teach -
 If I join not your revels then woe you betide!
 The gods stood dumfounded, but no one replied -
 She this tacit hint took but before she withdrew,
 An apple of gold in the midst of them threw -
 The "Apple of Discord" - of fruits happily rarest,
 On the rind in bold letters inscribed "TO THE FAIREST."
 To the front quick a bevy of goddesses rushed,
 Soon their back hair all down & their crinolines crushed,
 On Olympus such scrambles had never been seen,
 'Twixt Venus, Minerva, & Heaven's great Queen,
 When Jupiter thundered in terrible huff -
 "Pray give me that apple - enough, girls, enough -





"ye think it's respectable this Crowdie-main?

Juno - Venus - Minerva - I pray you refrain,

Give at once up the apple - let me have it from ye

A racket like this is fair Hades an' Tommy!

You'll bring great discredit upon my domain,

Give it up at once, Juno - you old harri-dan:

It's really too bad that all miseries human

Should arise from a mixture of apples & woman,

For it is n't so long since, you very well know,

Through this very same fruit Adam had such a row -

To be sure in his case there was no competition,

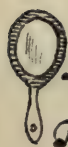
Whilst in ours there's no chance of an equal partition,

So I'll send you with Mercury all to Gargarus

To be bound by the final Decision of Paris."

The ladies were pacified - each one agreed

That before the young Shepherd her own cause would plead.



On a pleasant green slope, overshadowed by trees,
 The three anxious goddesses wait their decrees:
 The Shepherd sat stolid - majestically frowned,
 And - as high priest oracular looked quite profound.



Great Juno then, first by prerogative spoke,
 And in sweet, silvered accents did Paris invoke -
 "Tho' I'm fat, fair & forty - great Jupiters wife
 'Tis admitted I ne'er looked so well in my life,
 And I think, gentle Shepherd, you'll also agree
 That the eyes of all nations are centred on me.
 I have fabulous riches - broad acres of land
 All in my own right at my ready command:
 I can make or unmake - create Kaiser or King
 And to those who show kindness I steadily cling -
 Think this no intimation that I'll befriend you
 Tho' I now have on hand a spare kingdom or two,

With armies & armaments - rich mines galore,
 Coin, jewellery, plate, & know not what more:
 Just a hint - that Town Councillors I make at will,
 And, by stretching a point, can the Civic chair fill.
 Then think, gentle Paris, before you decree
 What might hap if the apple should roll towards me."

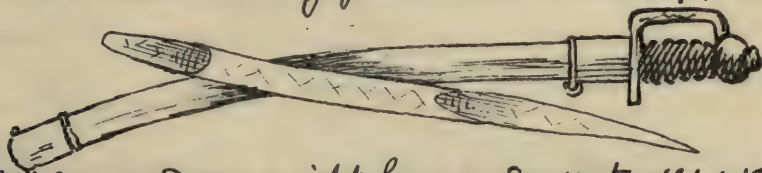
.

Still stolid & Sphinx-like did Paris appear,
 And tacitly hinted Athena he'd hear.

.

Half smiling, half stern, to bewilder the Swain,
 Minerva commenced her harangue in this strain -
 "No bribe avails me as with truculent men,
 But baksheesh - ti ti - trink-gelt - four-boire - hot de vin,
 Leave we such for M.P.'s, & for those who seek places,
 Hope for glory in war, great renown - mental graces:

Yet no harm can arise from a quiet display
 Of a few little things I might throw in thy way:
 Thus - a £30. charger thou stately might straddle
 With 'plated goods' dangling each side o' the saddle -
 Might sleep in thy uniform - always wear spurs,
 (To salvation in plain clothes the soldier demurs),
 Have a shiny steel scabbard, & real drawn sword,
 May - e'en serve in serve in same corps with a real live LORD,
 Exceed^{ing} in all respects each "tinsel Don"
 Of our phalanx of Marsees - nineteen to the ton:
 And should e'er thy great mind seek relief from the wars



In an undress might lounge, smoke toothpicks & cigars,
 Then last, tho' not least - bet with bated breath said -
 Thou might start a small flunk^y with "Such a cockade",

And in all respects
look like a true Son
of Mars,

With the option of
leaving in case of
real wars.

If as eager with
these as with foes
thou wouldst grapple,

I pry thee, Sweet

Paris - award me the apple."



The pleased Shepherd smiled with ineffable grace,
But none yet a clue to his judgment could trace.



The Goddess of Love next came tripping along
 Like Breitmann's famed maiden "vot's got nodings on":
 Then, how Juno did frown - chaste Minerva looked glum,
 While Paris he twiddled his finger and thumb,
 Abstracted gazed skyward - then on the horizon,
 Unobserved, peeped as kance where he'd fain rest his eyes on,
 Conscience stricken with qualms that he'd ever presided,
 As he felt that the case was already decided.
 "Aroint - Shameless hussy" quoth Juno, enraged -
 "Is this a fair war, so unmodestly waged?"
 Away from our presence - thy tunic quick don -
 The Court is adjourned & awaits thee anon."
 Appalled by the goddess, then Venus retired,
 Eftsoons reappearing - yet slightly attired:
 For addition above there was still ample room,
 And her garment below left off terribly soon.
 Then the charming young shepherd she wantonly eyed,

And thus spoke - in theatrical parlance - 'aside' -
 "Why should old frumps like these to my dress take exception,
 I'm bound they're both made up, a mass of Deception:
 Moreover, how can you judge any one's joints
 With their pepli & tunics enshrouding their joints?
 Let's have every thing real - do nothing by halves,
 You might make a pin-cushion of Juno's fat calves:
 And as for Minerva's great helmet - 'tis said
 She just wears it to cover a very bald head:
 They're all padding - false bosoms - false hips - & false - well,
 What else they have false I'd much rather not tell:
 (Fictions founded on fact or my Senses belie,
 Now I'm all over fact - just you nip me and try."
 (THIS SETTLED THE SHEPHERD.) - Then Venus aloud,
 With a triumphant air looking round on the crowd -
 "No bribe do I offer - give Nature her bent,
 Then choose thee a wife to thy heart's own content,

Thy life, Spring eternal last all the year round,
 And no thorn in thy path save from Love's pleasant wound:
 Thine no lot as on earth where youth, beauty, are sold
 To some old Shoddy Cæsar all stinking of gold,
 Her heart a mere purse - She a blind devotee
 To that great triune fool - that God £. s. d.
 No - I swear by my chastity - by the Lord Harry -
 Thou of women the fairest created shalt marry,
 And with every good gift shall thy bride be endowed,
 So - rely on me, Paris  I've already vowed."



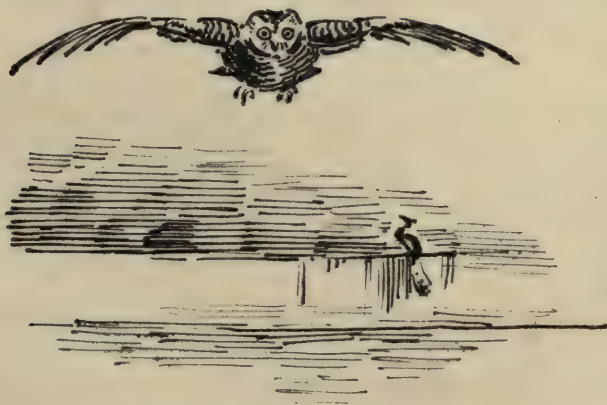
The Shepherd still smiled when he heard her begin:
 While she spoke it relaxed to a visible grin -
 Her oration complete - yet another sweet smile:
 Joint permission received to consider a while:
 Then a very short season the session adjourned,
 Whilst his final decision each eagerly yearned.


 The Court reassembled - with smirking gaze
 All three to the Shepherd expectant eyes raise -
 The Queen'd fain address him, a feeler to try,
 But the others soon crippled her "ballon d'essai":
 "Do not touch Fortune's rudder - no secrets reveal,
 'Tis forbidden to speak to the 'Man at the wheel.'"
 A decorous silence the guests then displayed,
 Quoth Paris - "Your merits I've carefully weighed -
 But I do feel so nervous - great Love come between us -
 My life's in your hands - and - the apple's for Venus."



Like evil yeast working in contracted brain,
 Then Minerva & Juno ferment with disdain -
 Jocund Strife hovered nigh with a pestilent yell,
 Which triple-tongued Cerberus echoed from hell.
 Paralyzed was the earth, & incontinent hills

Quaked with fear & ran down in impetuous rills,
 Which, as rivers rushed on sweeping all in their courses
 Till terrified, turned & ran back to their sources.
 The heavens were darkened - the world stood still -
 Trees withered - rocks burrowed o'er head in each hill -
 Yells of fury arose in a horrible clamour
 And o'er the earth's surface shed chaotic glamour.



The wise bird of Pallas shriek'd one death hoo! hoo!
 And away to the caves of Mount Gargarus flew,
 While Juno's gay peacock collaps'd his starry tail,

And the mountain air rent with a hideous wail.

.
 Unsafe on mount Ida, & yearning for peace,
 The Goddess of Love embarked forthwith for Greece,
 Soft & prosperous gales gaily wafted her thither
 And the Histories say that she took Paris with her.
 For the rest of the deeds of this 'broth of a boy',
 See your Lexicons - articles "PARIS" and "TROY".





The Hunt ys upp.

Sayth Salamons songe / fayre aeg and longe /
 Is made by a Spyryte goode /
 And syth it is soo / to your dysportes goo /
 By streame or merrie grene wood.
 The Huntys horne wakes upp the morne /
 and hawk bells sounde on hys /
 The Foulere hath sped from his sorrye bed:
 Dooth the laggard Fysshere lye?

To myn entent / the Hontyre hys bente /
 Entayleth too moche labore:
 Wete shode and myred / cloathes torne / & tyred /
 Lypes blysterred / swetyng sore.
 Then Hawkynge too / noyouse alsoo /
 And ofte ryghte euyl a thurst:
 Gette Rye or Gray / or flye awaye /
 Thoghe he whystel tyll he burst.
 Ynn Wynter colde the Foulere bolde
 Settyth his gynne and snare /
 The morn-tyde dewe dooth wete hym throo /
 Ande sorryly dooth he fayre.
 Moore coude be sayd / but holsome drede
 Of magre makith me leue:
 Nedes be the beste sorte of alle dysporte
 Ys fysshe wyth an hoke to deceiue.



For atte mooste maye be broke / a lyne or an hoke /
 Home mayde hee hathe plentee more /
 Doe the Fysshere hys losse ys notte greuous
 Gyf of trougtes hee hathe good store.
 ————
 And mery at ease on eche ryde he sees
 Melodyous fowles of the ayre /
 Whyle Spontaneous he / affectuously
 Sayth his custumable prayer.
 ————



Chorus:—

Synge - The Hunt ys uppe / the Hunt ys uppe /

For Coney or byrde on the tree /

Alle the foure dysportes are goode of theyr Sortes /

Butte - Angle fysshynge for me .



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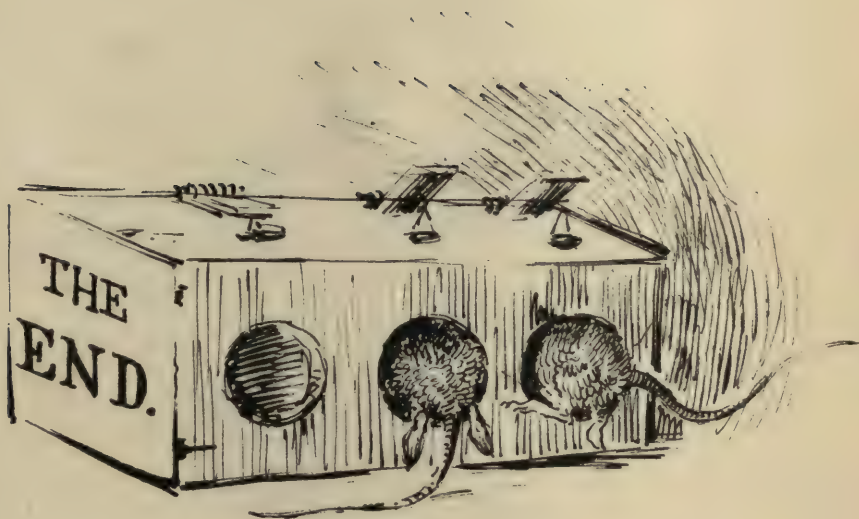
*Plates scotry
Andrew Reid*



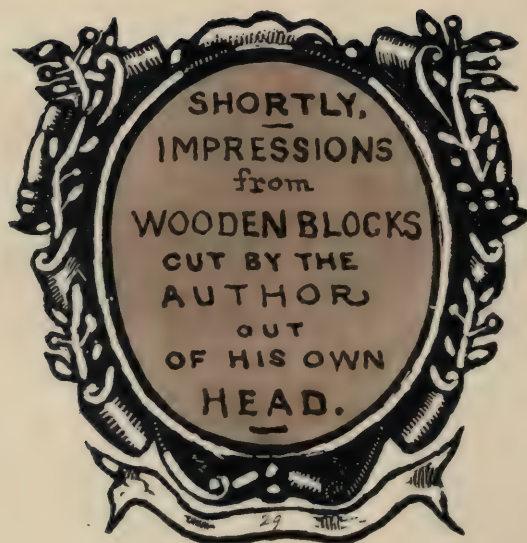
Author:- "I say - Reader - Can you tell me if that young man comes on again?"

Reader:- "Of course he does - frequently - why that's Hamlet."

Author:- "Oh! then I'm off - Good bye." -



W. G. G. G. G.
1880.



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